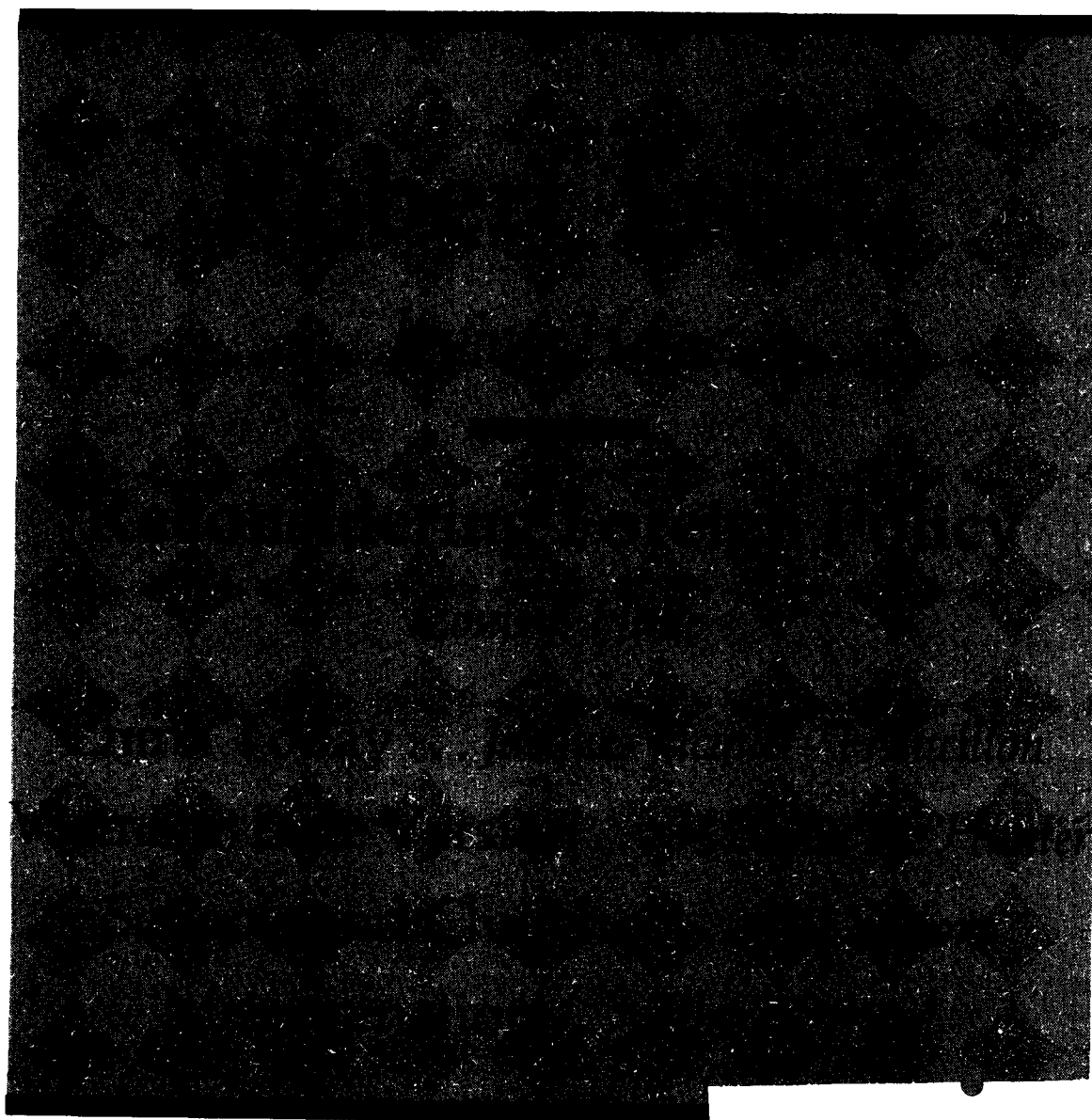


Half-Way House *Murray Kempton*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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from
Washington

Spring and Taxes

★ The snow retreats, the buds swell, the birds sing and Mom tells the boys, for Heaven's sake to keep out of the bedroom where Pop is doing his income tax. Never underestimate the primeval force of Spring, or of public demand for income tax cuts if the President says they are needed. Congressmen are beginning to hear that faint far twitter of the income tax alert that comes with the first robin. From signs already visible we guess it will be a mighty roar about April 15.

President Kennedy is keeping on the pressure, supported by the Treasury. We watched Secretary Dillon last week before The Advertising Council. If ever a man was typed for a role to combat the idea of fiscal irresponsibility, it is he. He looks like a Republican lawyer out of Wall Street and, by coincidence, he is. He a radical? The businessmen looked him over. He speaks in a slow, delayed drawl, he pauses before he drily replies; he has a reassuring dull monotone. Almost, he made unbelievers feel that a tax cut on top of a deficit might be reasonable after all.

Make no doubt of it, Kennedy is having effect. Two years ago the idea of expansionary deficit financing would have bounced against Eisenhower and Raymond Saulnier, his top economist, like a tennis ball off a brick wall. Today what happens? At Minneapolis GOP Presidential candidate Governor Rockefeller attacks Kennedy, and demands a *bigger* tax cut the first year (\$10 billion as against \$3 billion). Democrats and Republicans of the elite Congressional Joint Committee on the Economic Report bring out rival conclusions; they differ on many things, but Democrats ask for a \$6 billion tax

cut the *first* year, and Republicans \$7-\$8 billion. Both more than the strangely inadequate Kennedy proposal.

Vaguely, we think, a consensus is taking its misty shape in Congress. It is agreed now that present graduated rates are too high. Next, there is a feeling the three-year Kennedy program is too slow, and that the initial first-year cut should be bigger. And there is a feeling that "reforms" can wait. We don't say this is wise, but we think that's the direction. Rising unemployment puts more heat behind Congressmen, too.

Howard K. Smith

★ Howard K. Smith is about the only TV commentator we regularly listen to. He is to television what Edward P. Morgan is to radio. He has been sponsored by Nationwide Insurance, a company to which we gratefully doff our hat. Where else could you hear such an acerb comment as that from one of his guests, Harry Ashmore, this week, that "television is the offspring of a wedding between show business and advertising"? Or by Professor James MacGregor Burns, the week before, speaking of the President: "He won't have the real impact on the people that he wants until the day comes that he's not only on television—but on television fighting mad—telling the people what's going on here—just as Harry Truman did in 1948."

Well, you may not see Smith in his old place much longer. Prospect is he's going to be downgraded by ABC; the "ratings" have got him. It's the "Nielsen" ratings in fact and others like them which determines America's sitting-room fare.

A House subcommittee under chairman Oren Harris (D, Ark.) (who exposed rigged quizz shows, "payola," and the Goldfine-Adams contact) has been investigating the ratings. Howard Smith's name didn't come into it. But testimony shows that the ratings determine America's cultural level. The sponsors want big audiences, naturally, and the great faceless mass like music shows, gag shows, movies. The airwaves belong to you and me, but we have handed them over to commercial exploiters who talk about public services (and often exhibit it) but whose first corporate interest is to stockhold-

ers. Is there any other nation in the world that does this?

The Harris committee shows how fragmentary and fallacious and even venal the rating system may be, by which the number of millions listening to a given program is supposed to be extrapolated from a few hundreds. But that is not really the point: The whole vulgar system is directed to finding what the teen-age masses want and powering it into the "prime hours."

"As a matter of principle I'm against government regulation of any kind; I object to *any* kind of regulation," we heard James T. Aubrey, Jr., CBS executive tell the Harris subcommittee. Well, we live under a cultural system of the mass denominator, and Howard K. Smith is only a symbol.

Rights of a Hired Man

★ Will we do in patent rights what we have done on radio-TV channels? In 1961 about \$13½ billions were spent on research—65 percent of it financed by the government, or you and me as taxpayers. The private contractors want to retain the patent rights for the discoveries they have made as our hired man. Here again an investigation is going on, one you probably haven't heard about, by a Senate subcommittee this time. Letting the contractors keep the patents, Harvard economist Leontief declared, would be like bestowing on a contractor who builds a public road the right to collect tolls from the cars that use it. The economy will suffer, he added, if the contractors keep their monopoly patents.

Notes: Quipped Adlai Stevenson the other day, "The American Ship of State is the only vessel that ever leaked at the top" . . . Over 100,000 Cuban refugees have crowded into Florida; Washington wonders if we are aiding Castro by letting his potential enemies depart. . . . The National Committee for an effective Congress warns that "many" Democratic Senate liberals may lose in 1964 if they don't assert themselves. . . . Although February-March-April are always frustrating months in Washington, this Congress is off to a uniquely slow start; maybe it will be like 1935—FDR's second Congress also began lamely, ended with a dazzling legislative record.

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Schools and Churches

Sixty-four years ago the Supreme Court handed down a decision in the Providence Hospital Case (*Bradfield v. Roberts*) which every commentator on federal aid to education could profitably reread. Mr. Bradfield had gone into court to enjoin the Commissioners of the District of Columbia from financing an isolation ward for a hospital run by the Catholic Sisters of Charity. This ward was to be turned over to the Sisters on two conditions: that two-thirds of its beds be reserved for charity patients sent (and partially paid for) by the Commissioners, and that the private patients occupying the other beds be free to choose their own doctors and nurses. Mr. Bradfield argued that to give money to the Sisters of Charity to run a hospital was to violate the First Amendment by creating "an establishment of religion." The Court unanimously disagreed: "Whether the individuals who compose the corporation under its charter happen to be all Roman Catholics, or all Methodists or Presbyterians or Unitarians or members of any other religious organization, or of no organization at all, is not of the slightest consequence with reference to the law of its incorporation, nor can the individual beliefs upon religious matters of the various incorporators be inquired into. Nor is it material that the hospital may be conducted under the auspices of the Roman Catholic Church. . . . The meaning of the allegation is that the church exercises great and perhaps controlling influence over the management of the hospital. It must, however, be managed pursuant to the law of its being."

This opinion is relevant to the view expressed in these pages three weeks ago that the federal government might constitutionally subsidize secular instruction in church-related schools. So long as such a school is "managed pursuant to the law of its being" - so long, that is, as the school offers truly secular instruction in any subjects for which it receives state or Federal subsidies, can not a cogent case be made out for the constitutionality of such subsidies? Many readers have felt not.

For one thing, they have claimed that there is no such thing as "secular instruction" in the only church-related system which counts statistically in the United States, namely the Catholic system. (Of 46 million elementary and secondary school children in the US, about 85 percent are in public schools, 13 percent in Catholic parochial schools, one percent in Protestant and Jewish schools, and one percent in "independent" schools.) All instruction in Catholic schools, it is argued, is, as a matter of principle, subordinated to the claims of Catholic

thought; as a result, there is no analogy with a Catholic hospital, which treats 99 patients out of 100 (miscarriages, and cases requiring sterilization are sometimes exceptions) exactly as a public hospital would. In a great many instances, one is told, Catholic schools educate their pupils differently from public schools. Instruction in what are called "secular subjects" (chemistry, foreign languages, English, mathematics) could therefore only be brought into harmony with the secular standards which it is the duty of public authorities to promote if Catholic schools were to compromise what they now conceive to be their principles.

Why not put this theory to the test? If Catholics had reason to believe that by reorganizing parochial instruction they could get public subsidies for their schools, might they not do it? There is no good reason, for example, why Catholic schools have to employ only Catholics. Catholic colleges go outside the Church for faculty. Likewise, there is nothing in Catholic dogma which precludes the presentation of divergent views about such questions as the origins of the universe, or the meaning of 16th Century European history in parochial school classrooms. Catholic students are often exposed to such diversity in college; why not before? Let us repeat: we do not believe that the public can or should subsidize any form of parochial school instruction which does not seek to present the full range of academically respectable opinion on controversial issues – though presumably no school is required to present such theories as that the moon is made of green cheese. How such diversity is best assured remains a matter for discussion. Criteria need to be devised which are simple and easily enforced. Otherwise the result might be endless local bickering about what is secular and what is religious. But suppose for example, that the government were to subsidize only those educational programs which employed textbooks also used in the public schools? Or suppose that parochial schools seeking subsidies for a particular program had to show that in hiring teachers for that program they did not discriminate against non-Catholics?

Would the Catholic hierarchy accept such requirements, or any others which would ensure that where secular and Catholic standards of instruction conflict, secular standards would prevail? We don't know. Perhaps the hierarchy itself doesn't know. Certainly there is a difference of opinion among our Catholic readers. Nevertheless without such controls public aid would be unjustified and probably unconstitutional, for it would leave the Catholic hierarchy free to spend public funds in any way it saw fit, including the teaching of religious doctrines in the guise of history, physics or literature.

Not all the critics of our proposals on church-related schools are worried about creating "an establishment of religion," however, or about possible violations of the Constitution. A few are merely disturbed by the

possibility that in allowing church-related schools to compete on a more equal footing with public schools, irreparable damage might be done to the latter. As one of our readers said in the Correspondence Columns last week, an increase in state aid to private schools (whether church-related or secular) might accelerate segregation of pupils according to academic ability.

Let us consider the point. There is already a tendency among education-conscious parents to seek out schools in which the majority of pupils are being prepared for college. For some of the more prosperous parents this means sending a child to private school. For many others it means moving to a middle-class suburb. Whatever the means, the end is the same: to make sure that Johnny or Mary do not have to sit in the same class with children who hate the teacher, disrupt the class, and slow down academic progress.

The parochial schools do not, at present, go very far towards satisfying this middle-class educational ambition. Most are more socially heterogeneous than their public counterparts, especially at the elementary level, for they usually serve a larger geographic area. Few are restricted to an academic or social elite.

Nevertheless, parochial school children who cause serious trouble, either because they are very slow learners or because they don't accept the social restrictions imposed by most of these schools, can be shunted into the public schools (which must accept them) and often are. This is one reason why the parochial schools often have a more studious and disciplined atmosphere than the public schools.

If state subsidies and state standards were to bring parochial school instruction in secular subjects up to the level of the better public schools (classes in Catholic schools are now believed to average more than 20 percent larger than classes in public schools), they might tend to become elite institutions. If state subsidies allowed private secular schools to reduce their tuition or offer more scholarships, they too might attract many college-bound students now enrolled in public schools.

Such a development looks less alarming, however, when one asks what it might mean to particular schools. It is hard to believe, for example, that many parents in Scarsdale or Evanston or Pasadena will send their children to private schools, no matter how cheap they become, so long as the Scarsdale and Evanston and Pasadena public schools continue to provide a primarily college-oriented curriculum and so long as they remain almost entirely restricted to middle-class students. If more academically-oriented Catholic children in a typical slum are sent to parochial schools instead of public ones (because discipline is tighter and trouble makers easily eliminated, or because academically standards are higher) it is difficult to believe that this is really a great loss to the public school. Too few slum children

are academically-oriented in the first place for their disappearance to matter greatly to the rest.

Likewise, the possibility of getting limited state subsidies is unlikely to mean the creation of many private or parochial schools in what is left of small-town America, for such towns would be too poor – even with state or federal subsidies – to finance more than one good school. Only a relatively large school can afford such things as remedial reading teachers, physics labs and fancy gymnasiums; and even in small towns most parents now want these perquisites.

The main impact of state aid to private and parochial schools would be on the medium sized towns and the more heterogeneous parts of the big cities, where public schools now serve both the college-bound and the drop-outs. If substantial numbers of more ambitious students were siphoned out of the public schools into private or parochial ones, student culture in these public schools might change for the worse, and recruiting able teachers might grow tougher. But the harm this would do the pupils who remained in these schools ought to be weighed carefully against the advantages to the students who went to better schools.

In this entire discussion, there are two things of which we are reasonably certain: first, that poor education, whatever its auspices, is intolerable, and second, that rhetorical exchanges which invoke but do not carefully scrutinize the principle of church-state separation will not help improve the quality of American education. "No principle, such as the separation of church and state," Reinhold Niebuhr has said, "is not subject to amendment in the light of new development. The particular developments which challenge this principle are two. On the one hand, the realization that absolute separation leads to the secularization of our culture, and that on the other hand the modern state with its wide taxing powers can not so easily be separated from any vital aspect of community concern as the fathers assumed." Even if one does not fear the first of these developments, it is important to recognize the second.

One Man's Meat

The silent war in South Viet-Nam (or should one say: silenced) has entered a new phase in the wake of Communist charges that the United States has used "poison gas" in its drive to stamp out the Communist-led Viet-Cong. With all the fanfare usual in such cases, Moscow and Peking have temporarily laid aside their own quarrel to concentrate on what may prove the most promising anti-American propaganda gambit since the "germ warfare" allegations during the Korean war. The Pentagon immediately filed an emphatic denial to the effect that "we have never used poison

gas in South Viet-Nam and there is no truth in Communist reports that we are using it now."

That statement is true only if one postulates an essential difference between something poisonous and something highly toxic. The United States has been employing a variety of weed-killing liquid chemicals which, sprayed from specially equipped C-123 US Air Force planes piloted by American crews, have been used to "defoliate" (a neologism meaning "to take leaves off") jungle areas in the hope that this would uncover the anti-Diem guerrillas and force them into the open. The chemicals used are of the same kind as those sold to aspiring week-end gardeners, and every such gardener can verify for himself that those liquids *are* highly toxic, as their containers clearly indicate. "Do Not Use in Enclosed Spaces! Keep Away From Children and Pets! Wash Any Parts of Skin Touched by Liquid!" are some of the standard warnings. Yet they are hardly ever used in the concentrations and over the wide areas in which the large C-123 transport aircraft spray them over the Vietnamese countryside.

One can well imagine the effect of this weed-killing rain upon not only the vegetation, but also the animals and humans who are within its reach. It is common knowledge inside Viet-Nam that sudden winds have diverted the "defoliants" from their intended jungle targets to inhabited agricultural areas nearby.

But "defoliation" apparently was not enough. A new program, quaintly dubbed "Ranch Hand," was devised about six months ago and approved by the White House after some protests within the Administration, whose purpose is not only to unmask the guerrillas hiding in the trees (the fact that they usually hide in bushes *under* the trees which remain untouched by the chemicals seems to be ignored) but also to destroy their supply base by killing off the rice fields. This affects, of course, more than just hostile armed men in the jungle: it hits the hapless peasants – men, women, and children – caught up in the midst of this murderous war, and it involves their livelihood as well, for the new "defoliants" are apparently guaranteed to destroy vegetation more or less permanently.

All such considerations may be just so many sentimentalities to the hard, young *realpolitikers*. They may assert, as the Pentagon does, that a chemical, even though an aerosol-type spray, is not really a "poison gas," and thus not subject to the prohibitions of the Geneva Protocol of July 17, 1925, which says, in part, that "the use in war of asphyxiating, poisonous or other gases and of *all analogous liquids, methods or devices* [italics added] has been justly condemned by the general opinion of the civilized world" – a Protocol the US signed, but which the Senate did not ratify.

In that case, the issue should then be met on its own merits: does not the use of such chemicals, particularly

on Asians who already feel that the A-Bomb, too, was used only because Asia rather than Europe was the target, not outweigh in political adverse reaction whatever slim gains one might hope from their dubious military effectiveness?

The Aim of Inspection

In a letter to the *Washington Post* March 4, Adrian Fisher, Deputy Director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, made the following point in answer to an attack from Senator Dodd:

"... It is true that if the USSR were able to test small devices clandestinely underground for an indefinite period, they could make significant advances in the general field of small nuclear weapons. However, every analysis conducted by the Executive Branch in recent years has reached the conclusion that the strategic military balance between the US and the USSR could not be altered in any major way by such developments. Furthermore, the risks of detection of a series of such tests would not be ignored by the USSR. One test would hardly be significant to a nation bent on attempting to gain a military advantage by testing secretly. Such a nation would more likely want to conduct a series of tests, and a series runs a much greater probability of detection than a single test. The risk of undetected cheating would be present under any treaty. The type of treaty prepared by the United States would provide *deterrence against Soviet attempts at undetected cheating so that while such a risk must be recognized, on balance the security of the United States would be better served by taking this risk than taking the risk of continued unlimited testing with no agreement.*" [italics added]

At the President's March 7 press conference the following interchange took place:

Q: Mr. President, on Monday Adrian Fisher said even if the Russians were able to test underground indefinitely this would not alter the strategic military balance between the US and the Soviet Union. He said this was the executive assessment. Given that assessment, can you tell us what considerations then would prevent accepting a test ban on the terms set by Russia?

A: I don't think, if I may say so – in my opinion that is not what is the Administration's position. We have suggested that we would not accept a test ban which would permit indefinite underground testing by the Soviet Union. We would not accept a test ban which did not give us every assurance that we could detect a series of tests underground. That is the Administration's position. We would not submit a treaty which did not provide that assurance to the US Senate. Nor would the

Senate approve it.

The President's reply does not meet either the reporter's question about the probable military gains from cheating, or Mr. Fisher's judgment that the primary purpose of a test ban is to *deter* cheating. No treaty can provide "every assurance" against cheating, and if that is what the President and the Senate require, the negotiators in Geneva might as well come home.

FOREIGN REPORTS

Labor Strife in France

★ General de Gaulle's epic hopes for France are partly dependent on the soundness of the franc, which of late has been under inflationary pressure. This has caused him to swerve from matters of high international importance to internal economics. At the end of February he undertook to restrict short term credit; then to limit wage increases by forbidding the 200,000 men who work the nationalized mines to hold more than a two-day token strike on pain of being fired or imprisoned. The miners were asking for an 11 percent wage increase, a 40 hour work week and a four week paid vacation. Their situation is aggravated because coal mines are in decline and since wages in various nationalized industries lag behind those in private industry. The Government was willing to give the miners 5.57 percent spread over 12 months, but negotiations broke down, and in defiance of de Gaulle's order the miners struck leaving the Government with the choice of enforcing its work order and creating violence (the OAS was ready to jump right in) or to back off. De Gaulle now has chosen the latter course and is offering the miners plans to insure job security, and a program for establishing arbitration committees to decide wage grievances in nationalized industries.

Sir Roy's Last Gasp

★ A last ditch struggle on behalf of white rule in British Central Africa seems unavoidable. Sir Roy Welensky, Prime Minister of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, has naturally been reluctant to recognize that his supposedly stable governmental monument to settler supremacy is built on shifting sands. When last year's African nationalist victories in Northern Rhodesia were quickly followed by the unexpected defeat of a branch of Welensky's United Federal Party (UFP) in the Southern Rhodesia elections, the fate of the Federation was writ large. The Prime Minister today heads a Federal Government without support in the constituent territories; his own and his Federation's fate await the

decision of an unsympathetic British government.

Sir Roy is taking no chances. Early in March he assigned battle stations to White Rhodesians. The Federal armed forces continue to receive heavy appropriations and new equipment. Welensky also is attempting to sabotage the tenuous legislative alliance between the two nationalist parties in Northern Rhodesia by subsidizing Harry Nkumbula's African National Congress

(ANC). He is also believed to be behind the movement to detach Barotseland – a rural province with special treaty relationships with the British – from the larger Northern Rhodesia. Kenneth Kaunda's strong United National Independence Party to which the smaller ANC is now allied, is determined to prevent this secession, and anything else which could delay self-government for Northern Rhodesia beyond early '64.

TEACHERS ARE THE NEW LEADERS IN ARAB ASIA

Emergence of the Ba'ath

Beirut

The revolution in Iraq on February 8 was a healthy development in Arab politics. Not only did it overthrow a particularly capricious dictator, but it brings to power a small group of tough, educated, reform-minded young men who represent contemporary Arab nationalism at its best. They are members of the most important and doctrinally coherent political movement to have emerged in the Arab world since the Second World War – the Arab Ba'ath (or renaissance) Party. The Iraq revolution marks then a new departure in that it was prepared and carried out not by a military junta but by a political party.

Wholly unknown until a few weeks ago, the secretary-general of the Iraqi Ba'ath Party, Ali Salih al-Sa'di, emerges as the most prominent figure of the new "collective leadership," holding his own on equal terms with such veterans as President Nasser and the Algerian leaders. He occupies the key posts of Vice Premier and Minister of the Interior. Colonel Ammash, Minister of Defense, is the senior Ba'athist in the army, while the Foreign Minister, Talib Shabib, and the Minister for Land Reform, Sa'dun Hammadi, are prominent party members. Their average age is well under 35. But if they are young and politically inexperienced, they are not ignorant. With their advent, Baghdad regains its place as one of the great centers of Arab politics after the isolation in which it was confined over the past decade by Nuri al-Sa'id's unpopular pro-Western foreign policy and Kassem's erratic rule.

What chance has the Ba'ath now of satisfying the hopes it has aroused throughout the Arab world, particularly among that generation of middle-class youth which grew to manhood since the Palestine war? It is, in a sense, the victim of its socialist, pan-Arab doctrines. These were evolved during the Second World War by the party founders, Michel Aflaq and Salah

al-Din Bitar, two Syrian school teachers, the one a Christian and the other a Muslim, who had become inseparable since their student days at the Sorbonne.

Their contribution to Arab nationalist thought was to realize clearly that the renaissance of the Arab world involved more than securing political independence from Britain and France. It also required the internal reform of Arab society. Influenced both by Marxian socialism and by Hegelian theories of nationalism, Aflaq and Bitar evolved the view that the struggle for the unity and independence of the Arab nation could not be separated from revolutionary social reform. Unity and socialism were functionally related: one could not be secured without the other. These were the doctrines they preached in the forties and fifties to a generation of Arab youth, particularly in Syria.

Difficulties arose, however, when these slogans had to be translated into practical policies. Most Arabs pay lip service to Arab unity but what precise form should it take? The great social and economic diversity of the Arab world, the strength of local particularist sentiment, the competition for leadership, the fierce feuds of Arab politics, all made a solution difficult.

True to their doctrines, however, the Ba'ath in Syria were the first political movement outside Egypt to give Nasser their support in 1955, seeing in him a leader who might help realize their pan-Arab objectives. More than any other single group, the Ba'ath were responsible for the Syro-Egyptian union of 1958.

But bitter disappointment followed. Far from becoming the ideological source for the whole Arab world as they had hoped, the Ba'ath found themselves banned and muzzled by Nasser who saw in them a rival. The Syro-Egyptian union, instead of becoming the nucleus for a great Arab union, ended in failure in 1961. The Ba'ath seemed totally destroyed and discredited by the

collapse of this first experiment at Arab unity and by their long bitter dual with Nasser.

The revolution in Baghdad now marks their triumphant revival. They are determined not to repeat the mistakes of the past. Although their new approach to Nasser has been amicable, they have learned to be wary of authoritarian regimes. They feel, moreover, that the new political power they have seized in Baghdad allows them to treat with him on equal terms. For the moment, their pan-Arab zeal has been tempered by the realities of government; no immediate union with any Arab state is being planned. Instead they talk of establishing a common axis or front with other "liberated" Arab states such as Algeria, the UAR and – in defiance of the harsh facts – the Yemen.

But it is at home that the inexperience of the young Iraqi Ba'athists will be most sorely tested. Not only must they negotiate with the Kurds, re-establish friendly relations with Kuwait, reopen talks with the Iraq Petroleum Company, hunt down and purge their traditional rivals the Communists, but they must set about day-to-day government in Iraq in the face of much suspicion and hostility not only from the bourgeoisie – who are waiting to see what "socialism" means – but from the working people – who had a sneaking affection for Kassem – and also from non-Ba'ath nationalists who now find themselves out of power.

PATRICK SEALE

Since Patrick Seale wrote, a bloodless coup in Syria has placed the Ba'ath in power there. – The Editors

Half-Way House

by Murray Kempton

"The day I left Chillicothe, I thought people could see right through me. I sat there at the bus station, and I didn't want to let the guard go. He said to me, 'If you're not ashamed of my uniform, I'll sit with you until the bus comes.' He said all the guys felt the way I did. When it came, I just hung on him. I felt like somebody leaving his mother. All the way to Columbus, I sat in the back with my hand over my eyes."

JACK A., recalling the day he left the Federal Reformatory

It is not strange that William Burroughs, author of *The Naked Lunch*, thinks of suing Henry Luce because *Time* called him an ex-con. Burroughs, who would seem to have no other shame, reminds us of what it means to be an ex-convict. Jack A. tells how it feels.

If there are such creatures as ordinary convicts, Jack A. was not one of them. He was a federal prisoner classified, since he was below 25 years of age, as a "youthful offender." His exposure to the world outside was neither so naked nor so sudden as he felt it and as most newly released prisoners know it. He had been given \$10 and a bus ticket to travel unguarded to Brooklyn, NY, where he would spend the last four months of his term in one of the Justice Department's new Pre-Release Guidance Centers for youthful offenders, or halfway houses as they used to be known.

He would live anonymously at a YMCA, supervised and guided in his decisions, practical and personal, by a staff of civilians. He would work in the city by day;

he was free to go out on pass in the evening, under no greater restraint than the rule that he must not return drunk. After a while he could go home for overnight visits, taking what he himself calls "the implosion of freedom" in staged degrees.

The Brooklyn Pre-Release Guidance Center is 18 months old and has housed altogether 88 residents, of whom 45 have been graduated to freedom and 18 remanded to their institutions as unready for the transition. Two of the graduates have committed new crimes since their return to the world and have gone back to prison; they are, of course, not the only failures.

Jack A. is one of the center's successes. He has married and removed from Brooklyn to Northern New Jersey; he works by day as a factory inspector and his company pays for his night school.

"I know maybe ten guys who were here and I could say have made it. I guess I've made it best of all. Of course I picked up my roots – the ones I didn't have – and left the neighborhood. I live in a good town. Nobody knows I'm an ex-con. But I really think if somebody called me one now, it would roll right off my back.

"So now I'm happy the way most people are. I don't even remember what it used to be like. My wife is studying inter-group relations and she asked me the other day what it was like to be a Puerto Rican and you know I couldn't remember. But still there's another me that sits beside me all day at the plant and asks me

what I'm doing here. I still get mad for nothing. We sit there – me and this guy inside me – and we hassle and then, thank God, it's four o'clock."

"For many of our guys," says Lloyd Johnson, the center's director of casework, "making it is when you're working regularly and not taking drugs."

That, of course, is simple because it is a dream. Having achieved it, Jack A. finds himself contending painfully with all the problems which come when you are happy as other people are happy.

"I spend more money than I ought to," he says. "I got \$500 worth of archery equipment in the back of the car. I got the car; I can use up my adrenalin on the highway. These things are my tranquilizers."

Jack A. used drugs – "I had a \$15 habit" – before he went to Chillicothe for driving a stolen car across a state line. Both are acts of withdrawal and flight, as so many federal crimes are; the US Criminal Code runs to sins disproportionately middle class – credit card fraud, automobile theft, check forgery and embezzlement. More than half the Center's residents were convicted by judges in courts outside their home cities; they are instances of the Rabbit, Run syndrome.

Nearly half of them come from homes T. George Silcott, the Center's director, can describe as middle-class.

"Our middle-class residents," Silcock feels, "are the ones more likely to be emotionally ill. The slum kid gets in trouble more often because he won't adjust to where he lives. And we shouldn't expect a person to adjust to a slum."

"I remember going to see a mother about her son who was coming out. She lived in two rooms; there was a younger brother. When our boy came home, he slept on a rollaway bed, and his mother slept between the kitchen and the living room. She was saying that she was afraid she couldn't handle him; he had always been in and out of trouble and there was no room for him. Then all of a sudden she asked me if I could help her: they were going to tear down the houses and she had no place to go. Here was a woman who was terribly depressed because of her environment and just as distressed because she might have to leave it. She wasn't there by choice; yet she didn't want to move."

Society is most comfortable when its victim's hope for the future and his strength to rebel against the present expire at roughly the same time. The slum delinquent is, in his way a rebel with hope gone and strength intact. "Delinquency," Lloyd Johnson observes, "can in a peculiar way be a sign of health."

Johnson's prior experience was with the New York reform schools.

"Our guys," he says, "tend to be different from those in the State Schools. Less violent. More lonely. We don't get many gang kids. The gangs left ours alone if only because, if they were pushed, they'd fight back."

The center has had only one fight between residents. "The prison bureau people are surprised at this more than anything else. They say they fight all the time in the institutions. The difference is that they don't need to see each other here; most have jobs and each has a room to himself."

Most of the center's residents, wherever they came from, soon joined in a common acceptance that society is outside of them and indifferent to them and that it is manipulated by handles beyond their grasp.

"The middle-class guys have what we've come to call the Hoboken subculture," Johnson says. "They don't think anything can be done without a fix." George Silcock was reminded of the resident who had forfeited his driver's license for failure to pay two traffic tickets.

A Way of Life

"He came to us and asked us to fix it so he could get his license back. We told him to write a check for the traffic tickets and then to fill out a new application for a license. He did all this himself and his license came back in due time in the mail. It was all his own doing but we had a terrible time convincing him that we hadn't pulled some strings. He didn't know there was any other way to operate. I'm afraid his father had told him that; he felt that he was here only because his family had run out of fixes."

"With the poorer boys," Johnson went on, "there's almost a hopeless pessimism. They say nothing's open to them."

And there are ways, Silcock sometimes suspects, in which they are right.

"What do I say to a kid who comes to me and asks how he's going to get a job the way things are? He has 3,500 to 4,000 hours' training in some trade, and then he hears about a friend with no training at all who was accepted by the union, paid his dues and went to work."

"The problem for most of them is a way of life. They've never held a steady job. They always remember the boss picking on them. It's usually a problem of relationship with people. Making it was something very crude: it was payday; you give your landlady your rent and you got the rest to blow, that's life."

"It may be more realistic if we can get them to plan well enough and put enough aside to get to work next week. We've had to learn not to make our goals unrealistic. We're here to understand the residents. You know there's an expression a kid starts to use when he's been in trouble a lot. It's a constant refrain of 'you people.' That's us," he continued. "One day one of the residents started to tell me how he felt about some of his problems. I was listening and nodding my head; all of a sudden he asked, 'Why do you say umh, umh whatever I say?' I explained that I couldn't help it; that was my

personality. But I've got to remember."

Sillcock and Johnson are equipped only to talk about what they have learned on the strange journey they started not very long ago. They are impressive because there is so little about which they feel sure. No one on the Center's staff is either a psychiatrist or a correction officer. The Brooklyn halfway house is the only one of the three the Department of Justice currently operates which is not run by Bureau of Prison personnel. It is a private contract to Springfield College, a YMCA training school which began, in days more innocent, by developing physical education instructors and has passed since to engage the problems of the delinquent young. Sillcock teaches at Springfield College; all of the center's six staff members, except Johnson, are Springfield students, either current or recently graduated. They feel their way across country almost as strange to them as the world outside is to their charges.

"In the beginning," Sillcock remembers, "if a resident didn't find a job in a week or two, I'd worry myself sick. But now I'd rather wait and help him find something that might fit. These kids have had enough failures. Prison theory has always been that the one thing a parolee needed was a job. But everyone we've had to send back was employed. It's bigger than that."

"You Can't Hide"

At first, there was a terrible sense of failure whenever they had to turn a resident back to his institution. "But," Johnson says, "the reaction we get from the guys almost every time is 'Why did you wait so long?' Then we were afraid they'd go back to the institution and tell everyone who'd listen that we were no good and that we'd send a guy back the first thing he did wrong. A few of them did say that, but it didn't take.

The residents find their own jobs, going to interviews by themselves. At the end of the second week, they have to tell their employers of their status as prisoners by themselves: "We owe that to them even more than we do to the employer; they don't have to be looking always over their shoulder waiting to be found out." Only one resident was fired after he told his employer about his record.

Sillcock does not indulge the illusion that he can change a personality in four months; the center's concern is to help the resident with his direct problems on the street, where he should work and live.

"I'm beginning to feel," Johnson says, "that all the techniques we have used are middle-class. These guys aren't going to an office to tell me how they feel. We can work only with the problems of life. But there's one good thing; one of us is here 24 hours a day; when things happen, you are there. You can't hide."

They move through darkness by smell, by guess. The

staff was meeting the other day to discuss Joe, who will leave soon and have to choose between going back to his family or finding a place of his own. The problem was to find out which Joe really wanted to do.

The staff member who talked to him last thought Joe was serious about wanting to live alone; another remembered him saying just the day before how much he wanted to go back to his mother. Johnson listened to all the conflicting estimates, could Joe be trying to tell us that he wants to move and that we should urge him to so that he won't feel that he's hurting his mother? The problem could lay over another week; there would be other chances to talk to Joe.

These are problems defiant of exact solutions; no argument seems any better than its opposite. Chance is a terrible element in this success or in that failure; George Sillcock has come to feel that all the center can do is to reduce that element to proportions where it can be managed.

"You know," he says, "I've about decided that there is a rhythm in a man's readiness to try again. There is a time to release them; if we don't recognize that time, they stay too long and the moment passes. Then they begin to act up; it is, I suppose, a way of telling us that they are ready no longer. I know one case where I'm now certain that we had to send a kid back to Chillicothe when if we had let him out two weeks earlier, he might have made it. We've got to learn that rhythm."

But then Jack A. says that he remembers when Sillcock and the others came to Chillicothe to talk to some of the prisoners about Pre-Release Guidance.

"God, were they green! They didn't know anything. You got to give them credit for all they've learned."

It is irrelevant, against this reality, to wonder whether the Brooklyn Center is a success. The statistics are on the side of promise. On the average 55 percent of the persons released from federal prisons can expect to come back to some jail or other. Only two of the center's 45 graduates have so far returned with convictions for fresh crimes. But to Johnson these figures are only one more uncertainty in an uncertain experiment.

"When I was at the training school, a boy would leave and we'd think he'd made a good adjustment. Then, after awhile, we'd get an inquiry on him from a state mental institution. Delinquency had been one outlet. Then, from fear of getting caught, he'd tried to make it in the world. After awhile he had retreated to emotional illness, which is more socially acceptable."

It must be the memory of this stern refusal to accept illusions that makes Jack A. say that he does not know what would have happened to him without Sillcock and the others. But the way he has traveled he has gone painfully and on his own. It seems closest to the truth that he and all of them have reason to be grateful each to the other.

MISCEGENATION

Commentary on a Commentary

by Albert Bermel

In a recent article in *Commentary* (February, 1963) called "My Negro Problem – And Ours" Norman Podhoretz, the editor of the magazine, admits that he has hated and feared Negroes since his boyhood in Brooklyn. Now, at last, he feels free to speak out after "constantly being denied my right to an honest expression of the things I earned the right as a child to feel." It appears that once in class young Podhoretz had noticed a Negro boy named Quentin staring at him resentfully when he Podhoretz, correctly answered a question that Quentin had been unable or unwilling to cope with. Later Quentin's brother, equally a Negro, swung a baseball bat outside Podhoretz's house. "I try to duck," writes Mr. Podhoretz, to whom the experience is so vivid that it calls for the present tense, "but the bat crashes colored lights into my head."

In spite of these and other childhood ordeals Mr. Podhoretz can feel some satisfaction at having become "the good liberal I have grown up to be." Yet his life is still darkened by a hatred-fear of Negroes, which he dwells on passionately. The young Negroes he knew pelted him with such abbreviations as "m – f – r" and "m – f – n'." "They were *tough*; beautifully, enviably tough, not giving a damn for anyone or anything." Today Mr. Podhoretz not only hates and fears Negroes: he envies them. He envies them their cavalier behavior, as he sees it, their athleticism, erotic qualities and bodily grace ("I am now capable of aching with all my being when I watch a Negro couple on the dance floor, or a Negro playing baseball or basketball. . .") The envy of today and the humiliations of yesterday add up to a partial explanation of Mr. Podhoretz's feelings of stress; a battery of psychologists, anthropologists, economists and sociologists could work up an exciting symposium disputing over these and additional causes of the Podhoretz hatred. No doubt, too, there are many people – among them people who have grown up to be bad liberals – who have already been shocked by Mr. Podhoretz's painful and painstaking confession. They may cite it as another instance of what Murray Friedman called "The White Liberal's Retreat" in the January, 1963 issue of *The Atlantic* although, as if to refute them in advance, Mr. Podhoretz refers to this article with what reads like approval. They may claim that

Mr. Podhoretz is yet another self-styled intellectual who is intent on proving that he has feelings and not just thoughts; that he thinks he is, in fact, practically nothing but nerve-endings. They may imply that the article is hate propaganda masquerading as honest emotion. They may see his piece as one more descent from the ivory tower of ideals into the swamps of this Beatnik-ridden, anti-rational, back-to-the-intuitions age. They may throw up their hands and say that Mr. Podhoretz and his article are despicable, totally unworthy of a "progressive" Jew.

Personally, though, I am in sympathy with Mr. Podhoretz. He writes, "I am trying to suggest that . . . all whites – all American whites, that is – are sick in their feelings about Negroes." And, both more and less emphatically, he says, "I suspect whites of self-deception when they tell me they have no special feeling toward Negroes."

I cannot speak for all American whites nor even, honestly, for one American white; I am an American white (White?) by naturalization, not by birth, and grew up in what was considered by me, at least, to be one of the roughest boroughs in London. As a member of the only Jewish family in a lower-class Christian neighborhood, and the only Jew in my elementary school, I had more than once to fight for my health, if not my life. But since nobody plays baseball in London, the worst damage I underwent was inflicted by a cricket stump and, admittedly, cricket stumps are not quite as swingable and heavy as baseball bats. Most of the Christians I came into conflict with certainly frightened me, but not because they were Christians. Some of my best friends were Christians. They frightened me because they were bullies. Still, I never met any Negroes at that time, and I definitely don't remember any boys with very dark, very cruel, very Oriental-looking faces – some of the boys were pretty good-looking, as boys go – so once again I am unqualified to pronounce on Mr. Podhoretz's hates and fears. For that reason, I believe that he is right to ventilate them. We all have our hates and we rarely understand them.

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My sister, for example, a sober and unruffled soul in almost every other respect, has hated butterflies ever since a moth deliberately flew into her left eye many years ago. (Wounds in the left eye are, as we are told by Dr. Hermes in Voltaire's *Zadig*, incurable.) And my wife, who will face up to somebody as intimidating as a landlord, or a salesman of soap made by the blind, screams at the sight of a mouse. A boyhood friend of mine (Christian again) who had not grown up in the proximity of Negroes and thus never enjoyed the privilege of hating them, would go cold and damp if somebody as much as mentioned lobsters, crabs or snails, even dead and edible specimens. International figures like Dwight Eisenhower and Konrad Adenauer are said to fear, if not hate, such groups as Intellectuals and the next Generation, respectively. Fred Schwarz hates (or fears) Communists. Marshal Voroshilov fears (or hates) American generals. Cats hate dogs. Dogs fear cats. Cowboys hate coyotes; the late Josef Stalin hated Fascist hyenas. Henry James was afraid of women. Dame Edith Sitwell hates all haters of Alexander Pope. One even hears of people who hate and fear in their sleep. We know that when a slumber did Wordsworth's spirit steal he had no human fear, but Wordsworth, on this as on other scores, was an exceptional man.

Neither are heroes and professional soldiers immune to fear. Hate and fear have been accounted as essential a part of the fighting man's equipment as his bayonet. So Mr. Podhoretz need not reproach himself for lack of courage. Indeed, he doesn't do so. We learn from his article that when the Negro boy Quentin pushed him in the shoulder, shortly before the baseball-bat incident, Podhoretz pushed right back.

A Baseball – batful

Mr. Podhoretz can draw further reassurances from fiction, of which he is one of America's most penetrating critics. In literature, as in life, there are numberless honorable precedents for his discomfiting emotions. Crevel, in *Cousine Bette*, says "I fear God, but even more than that I fear the hell of poverty." Raskolnikov fears retribution. Sganarelle, in *The Forced Marriage*, fears marriage. Chekhov's Three Sisters hate growing old. Fabrice in *La Chartreuse de Parme* has a horror of making anyone unhappy, while the hero of David Lytton's *The Goddam White Man* detests the goddam white man. And no wonder: fears and hates are the mainsprings of literature.

It now becomes necessary to explain that Mr. Podhoretz's article was a sort of reply to James Baldwin's essay, "The Fire Next Time." Mr. Baldwin had already shaken up the readers of *The New Yorker* with this rhetorical sweetmeat, in which he warned, as he repeatedly warned before, that if white Americans (like

Mr. Podhoretz, perhaps) don't watch out they will catch a nation-sized baseball-batful from the Negro extremists. Podhoretz calls Baldwin's essay "a statement of overwhelming persuasiveness and prophetic magnificence" which "deserves to be placed among the classics of our language."

He next states that, in Baldwin's view, the victory over racial hatred in this country can be won only by "the transcendence of color through love," and then he proceeds to criticize this view. It is not through love, Mr. Podhoretz tells me, that racial hatred can be abolished. "The tragic fact is that love is not the answer to hate – not in the world of politics, at any rate. . . . The hope of erasing the stigma [of color] . . . means not integration, it means assimilation, it means – let the brutal word come out – miscegenation." There: it's out. And Mr. Podhoretz is decisive about it: "In my opinion the Negro problem can be solved in this country in no other way" than by miscegenation.

Now, this is a most ingenious solution to Mr. Podhoretz's Negro Problem – And Ours. Loveless marriages are not an uncommon phenomenon, but who ever proposed before that we should marry the people we hate? I have heard that in some cases marriage can blight love and turn it into hate. Perhaps marriage, an institution that is always turning up surprises, can blight hate and turn it into love. As a naturalized American who married for love and has found that the love has not merely lasted but increased, I am in no position to be dogmatic about this. But any promising experiment is worth attempting. Mr. Podhoretz too is married, so we cannot ask him to be the pioneer, the astronaut, as it were, of the hateful-marriage orbit. Whom can we ask? I would have been interested to see what resulted if my friend had wed himself into a good lobster family.

Mr. Podhoretz, then, has pointed the way *beyond* abolishing the barriers between black and white, or, as Bernard Shaw reminded us, brown and pink. Some day the barriers might be struck down between all classes of natural enemies – between men and animals, animals and insects, insects and men and (why not?) men and plants. In this age of biological marvels it is just about possible to imagine a pure white Southern girl grafted to a lily. The Podhoretz thesis, if carried through bravely, would allow us to eradicate all differences between species. We would no longer have to bother to tolerate and respect beings from other categories of life. There would be no need to. Distinctions between people and peoples, and individual characteristics of all kinds, which have been prized in the past, perhaps unwisely, would be gradually eliminated. A homogeneous peace would reign on earth and eventually throughout the universe. It could make a rewarding parlor game to speculate on the kind of creatures we would turn out to be.

Reconsidering Our Foreign Policy

by Louis J. Halle

In *The New Republic* of February 23 I observed that our present foreign policy had been designed in the late 1940's to meet a situation that no longer existed. It had been addressed to an emergency. It had been our response to the general alarm at the helplessness of European nations that lay prostrate in the path of an expanding Soviet Union. What the US then undertook to do, on a crash basis, was to stabilize the situation by containing the Soviet Union with its own strength while restoring the strength of the West Europeans.

Today this has been largely accomplished. The West Europeans are back on their feet, their strength and self-confidence restored. The situation has been stabilized, something like the old European equilibrium of power has been re-established. Today, then, the alarm of 15 years ago has passed away; no one in West Europe lives, any more, in daily expectation of the Red Army's arrival. It is in these new circumstances that General de Gaulle, in the name of France and as the would-be spokesman of a restored Europe, has challenged the American presence on the Continent. He has denounced the notion that Europe should continue indefinitely to depend on the United States for its security. Specifically, he has rejected the NATO alliance as an indefinitely continuing arrangement.

By thus bringing his fist down on the whole postwar system, constructed under American leadership, he has made inescapable a reconsideration of American policy, a reconsideration that was overdue anyway. Two months after his stroke, however, there is no sign that such a reconsideration is as yet underway.

The fact that it should be so slow to get underway is understandable. Our government and public alike are the prisoners of the past. They are psychologically committed to the basic conceptions on which they have been acting for 15 years, so that it hardly occurs to them that those conceptions, themselves, not just the tactics based upon them, should be the subject of reconsideration. Like all governments, our own is staffed by tacticians, men of action rather than men of vision, and to tacticians reconsideration means the reconsideration of tactics rather than the re-examination of fundamentals. It is easy to imagine the various staffs preparing papers, today, on possible moves for getting around General de Gaulle, for making NATO work in the face of his opposition. It is harder to picture them addressing themselves to the question whether there is

any further use in NATO. But this is one of the questions that now has to be considered, if only because there can be no NATO without France. (There might be something called NATO, but it would be quite different.)

At this moment no one can realistically propose a new American foreign policy ready for immediate use. There will first have to be a great deal of purposeful exploration on the international scene, exploration out of which a new policy would emerge over months and perhaps years. But the exploration would have to be purposeful, it would have to have certain clear ends in view. What I offer here is merely an outline of some fundamentals that suggest the direction of exploration.

First of all, we should remind ourselves that the defense of Europe is the concern of Europeans primarily, and only secondarily a concern of ours. To the extent that the Europeans can make their own defense they must do so, and we ought indeed to refuse to do more than supplement their best efforts to the extent that they had, by common consent, to be supplemented. There is no sense, for example, in our keeping almost six divisions in Europe (to two each for France, Belgium, and the Netherlands) simply because we think the defense of the Europeans requires more divisions than they think it does. They must themselves be the judges, in the first instance, of how much military force they need to defend themselves, since it is their own survival that is immediately at stake.

Back numbers of *The New Republic* would show that I have consistently urged the need for us Americans to defend Berlin, even to the point of limited war. But this has not been because Berlin, in itself, has any strategic relevance to the defense of the United States. It has been simply because we were saddled with this obligation, to our German allies especially, and so completely saddled with it that a failure to meet it would have represented a betrayal and would have had the most far-reaching consequences. We ought, however, to prefer not to have the obligation at all. It has been an unspeakable burden for us, involving us in the greatest risks we have had to face since the War – indeed, the greatest risks in our national history – taking us uncomfortably close to the brink of a nuclear holocaust on occasion. For 15 years it has hung over us like a sword of Damocles, and we have seen no prospect of getting out from under. It is not too much to say that,

to meet our obligation in Berlin, we have put our own cities to the hazard. Now, if General de Gaulle and Chancellor Adenauer and other Europeans see any prospect of being able to relieve us of this obligation, we ought surely to let them know how profoundly welcome such a relief would be.

One may ask why points so obvious need making at all. But they do need making simply because we, more than any other nation, have a way of becoming psychologically committed to undertakings for which there are no rational grounds. Beginning in 1900, for example, tempted purely by the opportunity to make a grand gesture, we committed ourselves to the territorial and administrative integrity of China – even though no national interest of ours whatever was involved. Quixotically, we committed ourselves to protecting the Chinese from their increasingly powerful Japanese neighbor; and that senseless commitment, from which we tried too late to escape, finally led to Pearl Harbor and the Pacific War of 1941-1945. Again: at the beginning of the 1920's we made it a major objective of our policy to get the Japanese forces out of Siberia, even though we had less than no reason to perform such a service for Lenin's new Russia. It is in the light of this record that we would, I think, be quite capable of urging our continued participation in the defense of Berlin on the West Germans and the other Europeans, bargaining with them for the acceptance of that participation, paying them for it in effect.

If this seems bizarre when stated so plainly, we should look at our record on foreign aid. From the beginning of the Point Four program we have urged our aid upon underdeveloped countries, frequently putting them under the greatest pressure to accept it when they didn't want it. Instead of their being suitors to us, we have been suitors to them for the acceptance of our aid, and this has given them the bargaining power, which should have been ours, to set the conditions. In the light of this record it is far from implausible that, having come to regard the defense of Europe as a primarily American objective, we should plead with the Europeans to support us in its realization.

Soldiers not Intruders

The first exploration that I would propose, then, is not an exploration of the means by which we can sweeten the prospect of our continued presence in Europe, and of our participation in Europe's defense, so as to keep or regain the acceptance of Europeans who are turning away from us. I would not propose that we explore with the West Germans or the French, for example, what better offer they might accept from us in return for allowing us to continue playing the leading role in their defense. I would, rather, propose

that we explore with the Europeans the possibility of a program designed gradually to relieve us of that burden. We should make it clear that we would be happy if they felt that they could get along, now that they have recovered their strength, with fewer American ground-forces in Europe. We should make it clear that we would be happy if they could put themselves in a position to take over from us the defense of the gallant West Berliners.

There need be no bluff, no intellectual dishonesty, in taking this line, even though we foresaw that it would produce immediate alarm at the prospect of our pulling out. There is no doubt that it would indeed produce such alarm; but, whether it did or not, the atmosphere would immediately be cleared so that the realities became visible once more. If, as is hardly conceivable in present circumstances, the Europeans showed themselves glad to have us go, it would be proper for us to go. But if, on the other hand, it aroused European alarm, it would bring out the real requirements of the situation.

We have an obligation, and if the Europeans should plead with us to stay with them, to remain on the barricades in Berlin and elsewhere, then we should not refuse them. We should merely ask that, in return, we be received with courtesy and respect, as soldiers answering their call rather than as intruders. If they did not want us we would go; but if they did want us they would have to play their part with us and accord us the common provisions of hospitality. This means that we would not be proper objects for their economic or political warfare.

The great dilemma in taking such an approach, I shall be told, lies in the problem of nuclear deterrence. If we are prepared to have them relieve us of the burden of their defense, then we must be prepared to have them develop their own nuclear armaments. But this is a choice that they have anyway, as the British and French have amply demonstrated. If they think they can produce their own effective deterrents to the Soviet nuclear threat (and, despite brave official statements, few of them do), then they will feel that they no longer need depend on ours. Immediately, we shall be relieved of the commitment to retaliate on the Soviet Union for any Soviet strokes at Paris or Rome, at Brussels or Bonn; our own cities will no longer be subject to sacrifice for the defense of European cities.

If, on the contrary, they feel that they must still have the protection of the American deterrent, then they will have to face certain simple limitations pertaining, not so much to our policy as to reality itself. They will have to face the fact that they cannot all have push-buttons of their own with which to set our deterrent off. They will have to face the fact that they cannot each have an absolute veto on its use. If they protest

that this places them before an intolerable dilemma, then we can only say that it is their dilemma, rather than ours, and they will have to resolve it as seems to them best. If they say they cannot trust us, then our reply must be that they are free not to.

I think it likely that, faced with such an attitude on our part, the great preponderance of European opinion would favor the risks involved in trusting us and the restraints involved in providing hospitality. In the face of such an attitude on our part, I think General de Gaulle, who has now offered his France as an alternative to our leadership, would find his initiative ill received. But the choice would be that of the Europeans, and if they did decide to flock to his standard, that

would immediately relieve us of responsibilities greater than any nation before us has ever born, responsibilities that we accepted in darker days without joy, and that we had discharged with honor up to the moment when we were at last acquitted of them.

I do not advocate isolationism. On the contrary, I think the future of mankind depends on a drawing together of our nations until the frontiers between them have become largely academic. Nothing would be more counterproductive of this, however, than for us to insist that others accept our embrace. The best chances for the continued development of the Atlantic community, specifically, lies in our clear willingness to accept the alternative.

The War in Vietnam, Luce Version

by William H. Hunter

When, two weeks ago, *The New Republic* recalled *Time* magazine's perennial optimism in 1950 about the war in Vietnam, I hoped more would be told about Henry Luce's account of contemporary Vietnamese history, much of which could have been written by Sax Rohmer. To get the full flavor of it, one should re-read, as I have, *Time's* Vietnam coverage over the past 12 years.

There is, for example, the full length portrait in 1954 of Ho Chi Minh, who appears here and in subsequent accounts as a kind of Asiatic Dr. Moriarity. Although *Time* does not know his real name or birthdate (in *Time* of 1950, Ho is an "Aging 55," four years later he has "turned 63"), we are told that he was "carrying messages for his father's anti-French underground before he was nine." While a menial silver-cleaner at London's Carlton Hotel, the great Escoffier took a fancy to Ho and said he would teach him the art of cooking. Loftily Ho Chi Minh declined, moved instead to Paris where, "each morning he would cook rice in his bare hotel room and at noon would chew half a sausage, or a fish." During this period he "agitated among the 100,000 Vietnamese" (the then total number of Indochinese in all of France was 42,840) until "in secret, aboard an ice-covered Soviet vessel," he turned up in Leningrad, where a Communist contact greeted him with the words "So here you are!" He is "lent a fur coat, treated to roast meats and two-finger long cigarettes," and embarks on a "slithering 15-year journey through the Communist underground of the world" in the course of

which he appears "shaven-headed in Thailand, disguised as a Buddhist monk," then again "shows up in the Latin Quarter of Paris, explaining to the waiters how to prepare his food," displaying throughout an "ascetic, fanatic single-mindedness." In brief, a "matchless interplay of ruthlessness and guile."

Having given us a villain out of Sax Rohmer, *Time* goes on to portray Ho's regime as one of failure, regimentation and despair. North Vietnam is a land of "compulsory joy" and worthless currency, "bloody conformity" and low pay. The "once gay" capital of Hanoi becomes a place where "loudspeakers wake the populace at 5:30 A.M. daily for calisthenics . . . diversions are few . . . a strange mixture of regimentation, brutality and neglect," and Ming vases and other heirlooms are sold by desperate families to buy "bicycles, the supreme status symbol." There's one cheering development, however. Bicycles which cost 1000 dongs (*Time* '59) cost 400 dongs two years later (*Time* '61).

With such a villain, who needs a hero, and indeed, *Time* had trouble finding one. The first choice, Bao Dai, is off to a slow start as a "playboy Emperor" and "French stooge" who "dallies in the taxi-dance halls of Hong Kong." However, once pitted against Ho, Bao Dai becomes "a figure commanding great respect," shows "both intelligence and guts." He and his Premier, Nguyen Van Tam win a "thumping vote of confidence," not surprising because Van Tam turns out to be a "strong man, hard-hitting, who hunts tigers by

night, writes poetry by day." Both of them are soon lost sight of being replaced by Military heroes during the climatic battles of the Franco-Viet-Minh War; by 1954 Bao Dai and his regime have collapsed, done in by sex and fast motor cars. At the last we find him holed up in his Chateau at Cannes, "porcine, puffy faced, fat and foolish," living with "his mistresses, his Ferrari and his Jaguar XK 120 . . . on a total income of \$3,400,000 a year" much of it, *Time* hints, (1955) derived from "big gleanings from . . . prostitution profits."

A series of French Generals come and go, followed by Ngo Dinh Diem, the first native anti-Communist leader Luce can really do something with. But again we are off to a slow start – "a narrow man . . . who must have his way always" (1954), he is soon "getting grass-roots support . . . sits happily while half-naked native tribesmen beat gongs in his honor" (January, '55), ultimately is found worthy of a Cover story (April '55). An austere and industrious youth, Diem becomes a government official under the French, assembles "a personal library of 10,000 volumes," sits out most of the French-Viet Minh struggles in a series of monasteries in the US and Belgium. Where Ho Chi Minh keeps his room full of edible birds' nests, Ngo works "surrounded by a few intimate possessions – a wooden crucifix, a picture of the Virgin, a slide projector, a gaudy spittoon, books entitled *Social Justice* and *Thought of Gandhi*." Long pledged to chastity, Ngo Dinh Diem is "uncomfortable around women . . . handles his chopsticks like a coolie, shoving bowl to mouth and shoveling."

Under his benign rule, South Vietnam soon becomes "a country at peace, one can journey from one end to the other . . . and never worry about Viet Minh Bandits night and day." (Feb. '57).

Nothing much happens for five years to disturb the tranquillity, other than Diem's systematic destruction of various odd, anti-Communist sects and brief "scuffling by resentful overseas Chinese," with the result that, "the queen of Cholon's call girls took an overdose of sleeping pills as the shortest route to the shades of her ancestors, was escorted to her grave in a red teak coffin by a weeping procession of old customers" (May '57). They, were ill-prepared, to say the least, for the alarms that begin ringing in early 1960.

Far from being a "country at peace," we are told that "each month 250-300 government supporters are brutally murdered by Red guerrillas." As for the much vaunted agrovillage (resettlement) program, it is a little hard to tell just what's going on. In one version Diem "yanks the peasants away from their fields just at harvest time, puts them to work at forced labor to build the new agrovilles . . . to compound the peasants' anger it frequently turns out that there was not room for them in the agrovilles they had been forced to

build" (1961) . . . and that "rice and cash allotments are being stolen by the regional authorities . . . the wood they cut is confiscated by officials who sell it and pocket the money . . . the fertilizer they are supposed to get goes to the black market." (Feb. '62). But in September, '62, we learn that US Generals Taylor and Harkins are "particularly encouraged by the . . . strategic hamlet program [which] has given thousands of peasants their first experience of self-government" and that "grumbling died out after a week or two as the peasants realized that life actually was better than it had been before."

There is even some confusion about Diem himself. At one point he is "a man of personal honesty, high courage and deep dedication [whose] achievements are impressive"; at another, he is a "man with a mandarin mentality – as aloof from his people as a French Governor General [who presides over] a system which is inefficient and corrupt."

But never fear. If the ultimate triumph is ever farther off – "it may take a decade . . ." (1962), it must and can be achieved. This, the single central theme of *Time* accounts, is made to seem attainable because we have been given an endless series of "victories" to exult in while we wait for the glorious finale.

The subscriber reading *Time* in 1950 might have thought it was already practically won, for "Government forces now guard the roads so well that the Red's toll is almost nil . . . the countries' wounds are healing fast," and the French with whom *Time* reporters spoke were sure they could "crush Ho Chi Minh within three years." To do the crushing they sent the brilliant Gen. de Lattre, who "like a burst from a Tommy gun . . . cut down and broke incompetent and sluggish officers, cleaned the gold-brickers out of saloons and brothels . . . cut the Viet Minh assault to pieces . . . followed up with other victories at Dongtrieu, Ninbinh and the Day River." De Lattre also guarantees "decisive defeat of Ho's forces by 1952" and he promises to drive the Communists "back across the Chinese border." (1951). De Lattre dies, but his successor, Salan, wins a "handsome victory" at Naaan, the "Verdun of Asia," orders champagne for the troops, and "a conviction grows in Washington and Paris that a relatively small increase in pressure might bring a decision more quickly than in Korea." (March '53).

Although a month later US Admiral Radford finds the "situation serious," he concludes that "the Viet Minh will be defeated – they must be!" General Navarre, a dashing cavalryman, succeeds the cautious Salan, takes the initiative, launches brilliant airborne attacks and promises to "pound and slash the Communists until they simply stop fighting" (September '53). Total victory is now scheduled for 1955. And by February 1954, the "French are kicking the Communists

around more than ever before" and General Navarre talks of "kicking in [Viet Minh] General Giap's teeth one by one."

A month later the decisive battle of Dien Binh Phu is joined, and with its loss the French era in Indochina comes to an end.

But even during the dreadful months of defeat and withdrawal, *Time* writes of winning the battle of the Delta, of a French army "now . . . free to move" and a "newly-taut armored force." While French Premier Mendes-France is trying desperately to save something from the wreckage, John Foster Dulles arrives at Geneva: he "set his jaw grimly, dismissed talk of partition . . . 'only partition I would favor,' said he 'would be to set aside a place the size of this room way up North and lock up all the Communists there.'" (April 1954). *Time* does not record the French reaction to this novel suggestion; they may still be pondering it. In any case, negotiations lead to something which *Time* calls "The Anguished Peace." It now appears that "the Communists were desperately anxious for a cease-fire" and "deeply apprehensive that the US might intervene." In fact, "the whole of Indochina might have been saved if the free world had long ago plainly showed its determination to save it . . ." (August '54).

So urged, it is no time at all before the US *does* intervene. The ink is hardly dry on the peace treaty when Lawton Collins turns up in Saigon to offer full financial and military support to Ngo Dinh Diem, and soon

Diem is winning a series of crushing victories over internal opponents (Hoa Hao, Cao Dai, Bink Xuyen, Ba Cut, Bao Dai and General Hinh).

But look! After several years of relative peace, there is "new activity in the nasty little jungle war," and *Time* again reports an unbroken series of victories, beginning in 1961 and stretching, with the exception of the "set-back" at Ap Bac, to the present. Once more we read of "2 Red guerrilla battalions smashed" (July '62); "one of the biggest Government victories of the year — whole boatloads of Communist guerrillas ground under the steel treads . . ." (November, '62). Admiral Harry Felt finds a "spirit of optimism," Maxwell Taylor says "South Vietnam is moving toward victory" while Diem announces that "victory is not only sure but imminent." If any lingering doubts remain, these should be dispelled by the latest and most lavish coverage (*Life*, January 25, 1963), where we can see, in full color, boatloads of surly, bedraggled "Communist" prisoners, whole fields covered with dead "Viet Cong" soldiers, and the brilliant red flames of a napalm bombing, calculated to "flush the enemy into the open."

What we are really seeing, of course, is a repetition of the tragic French experience. This kind of war is not won with napalm, or by herding peasants at gun-point from their ancestral lands into stockades, and, above all, not with a massive infusion of white, foreign troops in the support of a corrupt and discredited native government.

China Today

II. "Go Forward Step by Step"

by Jacques Jacquet-Francillon

Throughout the People's Republic of China, peasants and city-dwellers alike are still being deluged by wave after monotonous wave of information bulletins. Even at their places of work they cannot escape the ubiquitous voice of these broadcasts, nor can they evade a glance at the thousands of tiny characters making up the front page of the *People's Daily*, which all

In his second article, JACQUES JACQUET-FRANCILLON, the *Far Eastern Correspondent* for *Le Figaro*, describes life within Red China.

Chinese must at least pretend to have read before attending their compulsory evening political indoctrination meeting. And what are the subjects of this instruction? World affairs, above all else. The citizens of Red China are harangued on Albania, the Congo, Angola, the Papuans and, most particularly, their Cuban brothers abandoned to the threats of imperialism by the wicked Marxist-Leninists who have been corrupted by the "modern revisionism of the Tito clique" to such an extent that they tremble before the "nuclear teeth of the American paper tiger."

In this way the man in the street is pressured daily to feel pity for the fate of a host of far away countries which are as remote to him as the planets of outer space. At regular intervals he is also urged to give tangible proof of his sincere solidarity with these "Martians" by "spontaneous" participation in endless mass meetings. By contrast, he has been kept in virtual darkness with respect to the campaign of the People's Army in the Himalayas. At most he has been informed that in response to rather hazily defined moves of aggression by India, the Chinese border-guard units in that area have gallantly answered the call to duty.

Would the Chinese be inspired with patriotic enthusiasm if he were better informed on the "epic Himalayan campaign"? The evidence indicates that they would not. According to all eye-witness accounts, the mass of the Red Chinese people are indifferent to everything which does not touch on the immediate interests of the family circle or, at most, the limited community represented by the village in rural areas and the local district in the cities. Furthermore, within these narrow horizons, today's average Chinese is apparently able to breathe freely once more and is slowly regaining some semblance of hope where his situation is concerned. He is at last emerging from an endless three-year nightmare: the obsession with hunger no longer dogs his every waking moment. Abundance, of course,



"For all I care, they can give it back to the Indians."

is out of the question and his basic diet is still inadequate in quantity and particularly so in quality. But he is eating, and he no longer lives in perennial fear of having some member of his family, exhausted by privation, carted off to the hospital to succumb rapidly to the most compassionate of all ailments.

This relative improvement of the food picture was the most obvious symptom to become manifest during the second half of last year and indicates the beginning of China's economic convalescence. How then has this salutary braking of the downward economic spiral been accomplished?

In launching a program which, no doubt to avoid using the word "salvage," they have designated as a "readjustment program," the Chinese Communists have demonstrated qualities of resourcefulness and flexibility which contrast strangely with the almost ridiculous excesses of their policies in preceding years. This contrast is so marked that many observers have deduced that a group of "moderates" of ill-defined identity has taken control from the "do-or-die" extremists of the *Great Leap* era. But all the evidence points, as we shall see, to the falsity of this conclusion. On the contrary, if there have been any changes in the party hierarchy, it would appear that these have operated in favor of the so-called hard-core elements.

The Chinese Communist line of 1963 is the same as that which came out of the ninth plenary session of the Eighth Central Committee meeting on January 5, 1961. Moreover, this line was unequivocally reaffirmed at the meeting of the People's National Assembly during April, 1962, and was even more clearly defined by the Central Committee at its last plenary sessions which ran from September 24 to 27, 1962. The broad trend of this "line" is in the direction of a general strategic about-face in all sectors of the nation's economy. The sacrosanct order of importance under the *Great Leap* is henceforth to be completely reversed. Instead of the old hierarchy — heavy industry, light industry, agriculture — the order of priority is henceforth to be: agriculture in first place, then light industry, and last of all, heavy industry. No longer are the slogans "Walk on two legs," and "One day equals 20 years" in vogue; the fashionable catchwords now are "Make the farmer happy," and "Go forward step by step."

Although in theory the People's Communes are still hailed as the ideal nucleus of social organization for the conditions peculiar to China and all underdeveloped countries, in practice they have become a fiction reserved for official speeches and abstract expositions of doctrine. If since 1961 the Chinese peasant has put his shoulder to the wheel in an entirely different spirit from previous years, this is because he is no longer a slave marching to the sound of the signal-whistle in those "labor armies" so vaunted by Party literature in

1958. Instead, he has been restored to a regime of free initiative and to the normal framework for his activities – the village – even though most of the fruit of his labor still continues to be siphoned off into the collective pool.

This policy of rehabilitating the system of agricultural operations so as to conform more closely to the requirements of rural living in China has already yielded positive results. For the first time since 1958 there were two successive crop-yields last year – the summer and the autumn harvests – which produced satisfactory if not bumper crops. Although no total figures have been released for the nation as a whole, partial figures supplied by various provinces have enabled Hong Kong's agricultural experts to evaluate the harvest of cereals (rice, wheat, barley, etc.) at approximately 180 million tons. This represents an increase of approximately 25 million tons over the 1957 crop yield, but unfortunately the gain is completely wiped out by the rise in China's population since that date by some 50 million new consumers.

So far, however, these favorable figures have not been translated into any increase in the so-called "basic" food-rations (principally cereals) for individuals and this seems to indicate that the Peking regime is seeking to reconstitute its grain reserves. Nor is it surprising to learn from the reports of China's foreign visitors that for the people in the cities, the factor which has contributed most substantially to improve the food supply is the development of the "free market." This institution began to reappear in China toward the end of 1961 as a sort of commercial counterpart of the restoration to the peasants of individually worked land-plots taken from them when the collective farming system was inaugurated, and returned to them under the new "readjustment" regime. The "free market" is supplied with the produce of these privately worked plots of land, and the success of this parallel development is one of the touchiest points, ideologically speaking, of the general strategic about-face.

The same liberalized spirit also attended a campaign to give fresh impetus to China's light industry, which still depends on agricultural sources for 80 percent of its raw materials and draws on heavy industry for only about 20 percent. Figures on nationwide production in light industry by year's end are not available; however, Western businessmen attending the last Canton Trade Fair which closed November 15, 1962, report indications of comparative recovery here too, especially in textiles, leather, and plastic products.

Other eye-witness accounts provide a basis for assuming that there has been a fairly substantial improvement throughout China in the amount and quality of consumer goods currently available to the pub-

lic. Most of these items, especially wearing apparel, are still strictly rationed and in very short supply. Furthermore, over the past year the government stores have raised their retail prices by almost 20 percent. Finally – and this is a source of great discontent – so-called "good" materials are allocated in direct proportion to the amount of wages rather than according to the number of persons living under the same roof, which naturally results in favoring the privileged classes. The textile coupons received by the average wage-earner in 1962 were not enough for him to buy a complete cotton suit (i.e., Chinese-style tunic shirt and trousers). He had to choose between a new shirt or a new pair of trousers. If there were two workers in the same family, only one of them could be provided with new clothing from top to toe; the other would have to wait until next year.

Precarious though they may be, private living conditions have improved, comparatively speaking over the last 12 months. China has thus demonstrated the best she can do when completely on her own: survive.

The Unemployed

An analysis of the nation's heavy industry reveals a balance fully as negative as that drawn up at the close of 1961; 1962 offers the same disheartening spectacle of cold blast-furnaces and idle workshops. In addition, it has witnessed gigantic human migrations from the great industrial centers back to the country: two out of ten million in Shanghai; 600,000 out of two million in Canton, indirectly resulting in the vast exodus of refugees to the Hong Kong border last May. Officially, these mass migrations are a response to the "general policy line" calling for maximum manpower for agriculture. Actually, the policy itself springs from growing official awareness of a profoundly serious fact. The increased industrial manpower required by a vast plan predicated on Soviet economic aid is no longer justified, since this assistance is no longer forthcoming. The workers known yesterday as the "heroes of labor" today belong in a category which China's leaders prefer to reserve for the nomenclature of capitalism: the unemployed.

China's Communist leaders have not renounced all hope of restoring these unemployed to their former status of workers in gigantic and magnificent plants. But for the time being the problem of providing food for the nation takes precedence over all others, and proof of this is the size of the grain orders which the Peking Government placed with Canada, Australia and especially with France (3.3 million tons), despite China's scanty supply of foreign exchange.

Two good harvests in a row are not enough. There must be many more, and better ones too, for China's

population increases at a relentless pace. On this point too the Communist Party's economists have yielded ground over the past nine months, now recognizing that this aspect of the problem deserves some consideration. Of course there has been no question of a real birth control campaign such as that which sprang up in 1956, only to be denounced a year later as nonsense and a "crime against the people." For the time being, official propaganda is limited to emphasizing to young Chinese the disadvantages of premature marriages and the advantages of spacing offspring for the sake of good health and domestic well-being. The ideal age for marriage as advocated by the Party press is 25 for women and 28 for men.

Paradoxically, its huge population still continues to be proclaimed by Red theoreticians as one of China's strengths. Persuasion, however, is now the keynote of the public propaganda campaign, and catchwords along these new lines provide a new theme-song for the Party, which is now indoctrinating its core members with the need to cater in every possible way to the "happiness of the individual and of the family."

The New Spirit of "Relaxation"

This is new language for Red China and, at the present stage, is only one of several manifestations of the new "relaxation" which, in reluctant self-defense, the Peking leaders have decided to adopt at the very lip of the abyss. In all probability, China's leaders fully expect to switch signals again just as soon as possible. Without doubt this is but one more illustration of Mao Tse-tung's "one step backward, two steps forward" theory.

In the face of economic crisis, the Peking rulers have, quite logically, sought also to make better use of intellectual talent. During the days of the *Great Leap*, the official press defined a patriotic intellectual as one who was "Red first and then knowledgeable." Today, the order has been reversed: the definition reads "Knowledgeable first and then Red."

In the same spirit, the supreme organ of Communist power has also emphasized the need to "close ranks on the national democratic front" by granting a wider hearing to representatives of "other parties." This is an allusion to the existence of a small number of former political groups dating from the Kuomintang Republic to which the Communists have shrewdly given a fictitious voice within the framework of a "Political Consultative Council" whose only power is to adopt motions completely in conformity with the Communist party line. No one is fooled by this travesty on democracy; it is recognized by all as part of the attempt to appease the minds to which Mao Tse-tung and his entourage have been obliged to have recourse.

It has not yet been ascertained accurately just what were the consequences of popular discontent when the delusions of the *Great Leap* crumbled to nothing and the specter of famine hovered over the nation. It is known, however, that the general apathy and characteristically Chinese resigned strength were cut through here and there by uprisings in rural areas, and that order could only be reestablished through Army intervention. Last February anti-Communist literature was even widely circulated in Shanghai.

The improvement in living conditions and the twelve months of sedulous wooing described above have apparently not quelled subversive agitation. In the section on "temporary difficulties" of the official communiqué published September 27, 1962, at the end of the last meeting of the Central Committee, we read: "Using Taiwan as a pretext and a point of departure, the US is trying to invade our coastal provinces. Inside our own country there are still former landholders and unreformed wealthy peasants, rightist bourgeois and the remnants of counter-revolutionary elements who will rejoice at this situation and will even seek to profit by our difficulties to expand their subversive activities. Their calculations are mistaken. . . ."

Mistaken? Perhaps so, as are likewise those hopes so loudly voiced by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. Ever since last spring the "Gimo" has been incessantly proclaiming that conditions are now ripe inside China to launch a victorious campaign to reconquer the continent—a campaign which would be enthusiastically supported by the liberated peoples. Washington has apparently so far looked upon these proclamations as wishful thinking. The Peking rulers, however, considered the situation extremely serious, especially last July. It is difficult to offer any other explanation for the concentration in the coastal provinces of Fukien and Kwantung of People's Army units, estimated by the US at 400,000 men.

The new crisis of the Formosa Strait came to nothing. The Generalissimo's patriotic fervor was quenched by a firm call to order from President Kennedy, guardian of the Nationalist Army's ammunition dump. Yet, the situation remains tense. It is now known, for example, that during September Nationalist frog-men inflicted several audacious blows on the Kwantung coast. These exploits had little tactical value, even as reconnaissance missions, but their psychological effect, although highly localized, was far from negligible.

A passage from a communiqué released by the Central Committee reads substantially as follows:

"We must bear in mind the desire of the former reactionary ruling class to regain its former power. In addition, there are still evidences of bourgeois influences in our country, and some of the mental patterns of the former ruling society have still survived. Small

producers, for example, still retain their penchant for Capitalism and, although they constitute only a tiny percentage of the population, there are still among us persons who do not subscribe to Socialism and others who are prepared to abandon Socialism in favor of a return to Capitalism. Henceforth, the class struggle is inevitable."

The communiqué then goes on:

"This class struggle is manifest within the Party itself. It is essential to be on guard against opportunists within the Party structure. In August, 1959, at the Lushan plenary sessions, the Central Committee successfully withstood the attacks of opportunists and revisionists; it was able to protect the Party policy line against these elements and to safeguard its unity. However, in the future we must continue to demonstrate that we are still vigilant and prepared to defend the integrity of Marxism-Leninism."

Thus the terrible words "opportunism" and "revisionism" were actually uttered aloud. In Chinese Communist parlance, these are cardinal sins, associated with the name of Khrushchev, and by this stroke the Supreme Authority officially recognized that the Chinese Communist Party has been harboring within its ranks renegades, seduced by the false ideas of that traitor to Marxism-Leninism who is abandoning China to its sad fate.

The Central Committee of Lushan of 1959 referred to in the above communiqué settled its accounts by purging Marshal P'eng Teh-huai, then Minister of Defense. Under the aegis of his personal prestige, certain "opportunists" had, rather foolishly, taken up the Muscovite cries of alarm, and echoed them by admonishing the protagonists of the *Great Leap* to "take care lest you break your neck." And at the plenary sessions of September, 1962, two former friends of P'eng Teh-huai — Huang K'o-ch'eng and Tan Cheng, the only military men seated with the twelve Secretaries of the Central Committee — were the victims of what was commonly interpreted as the beginning of a great purge.

The most contaminated sector is, therefore, apparently the Army. According to deserters who have reached Hong Kong, several high-ranking political commissars are said to have been influenced by certain superior officers who were deeply disturbed by the cutting off of Soviet aid. In the absence of spare parts, some of their equipment might soon become unusable. Soon, too, the Air Force's jet fighters would be grounded for lack of special fuels if all Russian supplies were were definitely cut off.

Did the Army's uneasiness seep through to its chief overlord, and has Marshal Lin Piao perhaps already joined his predecessor in charge of defense on the bitter road of disgrace? Nothing official to this effect has been announced, but the Marshal has not been seen in

public since last mid-summer, and his name has disappeared from the roster of persons present given out by the Peking press on ceremonial occasions. Since that time another person has invariably appeared as his substitute, and has spoken in his name — his Chief of Staff, Lo Jui-Ch'ing, former Minister of Security and apparently still head of the Secret Police. Moreover, this same Lo Jui-Ch'ing, one of the bleakest figures of the regime, has just been appointed to the Secretariat of the Central Committee.

Search for Satellites

We do not have accurate information on which to evaluate the strength within the Chinese Communist Party of the pro-Soviet group. We also have no way of knowing how many of this group are simply concerned by the isolation toward which Mao Tse-tung has led Red China. In early October word spread throughout China of the successive elimination of Russia's four consular offices in the People's Republic of China: Harbin, Shanghai, Ourumchi, and Kuldja (Sinkiang). We now know that the Naval and Commercial Mission which the USSR has kept in Shanghai is to close down.

Betrayed by the European Communism of the Kremlin, China now finds that she is thrown back on the Asiatic world of which she is a part. Here is where she must seek friends and supporters. For the immediate present she can only count on theoretical support from North Korea and on the support given reluctantly, but nevertheless provided, by Hanoi. This is not much. To avenge herself on Moscow, Peking must, therefore, contrive to hew out an empire of satellites for herself in Southeast Asia, either by subversion or by force. And in her long-range scheme of things, a balkanization of India is certainly included in Red China's calculations.

Left to her own resources, will China be able to find a way of achieving these goals? Some doubt is admissible. However, a time is inevitably approaching when an official communiqué from Peking will be splashed in bold headlines across the front pages of the world, announcing that somewhere in the Gobi Desert the People's Republic of China has "successfully" carried out its first nuclear explosion.

This year may well be marked by this devastating news. Most Western atomic scientists concur in estimating the four known Chinese nuclear reactors have now produced sufficient plutonium for preliminary experiments. Of course this does not mean, far from it, that Peking will soon be in a position to produce tactical nuclear weapons. Nevertheless, this first nuclear explosion will evoke emotions among China's neighbors more heavily fraught with political consequences than all of Mr. Khrushchev's hundreds of megatons.

Andrew Mellon on Tax Cuts

"I can't get it through my head," said the President of International Harvester in Chicago the other day, "how you can get more money by cutting revenue." The gentleman should read up on some recent Republican history. Actually, President Kennedy has preempted the Republicans on a policy which historically has more to do with GOP conservatism and "sound business principles" in government than with the New Deal or the Democratic Party. It was no less than the highest of all the apostles of orthodox public finance, Andrew Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury under the administrations of Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover, who forcefully propagated the idea that "a decrease of taxes [that is, tax rates] causes an inspiration to trade and commerce which increases the prosperity of the country so that the revenues of the Government, even on a lower basis of tax, are increased." Mellon clinched his argument with the legislators of the time (1924) by an appeal to the business principles of Henry Ford. By reducing the price of his car from \$3,000 to \$380, so reasoned Mellon, Ford was able to increase both sales and profits. Wild-eyed though he might appear to his political descendants, Mellon even ventured the generalization that a cut in half of the surtax would realize increased revenue from those to which the surtax applied. "The Government is just a business," Mellon said, "and can and should be run on business principles."

It may be granted that Mellon argued that tax reduction must come out of a surplus budget situation, otherwise a deficit would appear, but he still made the point that tax reduction can be made in excess of the estimated surplus at the old rates, because the "*cumulative* (italics added) effort of such a reduction . . . [is that] . . . a greater revenue is obtained." It would follow that one way to diminish a deficit under conditions of high tax rates would be to reduce tax rates.

During the administration of Coolidge, tax rates were reduced on three occasions by the Revenue Acts of 1924, 1926 and 1928. Not too surprisingly, the tax revenues did go up, as the following table indicates:

Year	Revenue * (income & profits taxes)
1923	\$1,691
1924	1,842
1925	1,762
1926	1,974
1927	2,220
1928	2,174
1929	2,331

* In millions of dollars. Source: Historical Statistics of the US.

In other words, in spite of three substantial tax reductions within a four-year period (the maximum rate on personal income, both normal and surtax combined, went from 58 percent down to 25 percent; the level of income at which the surtax began was raised from \$6,000 to \$10,000; the exemption for a married couple increased from \$2,900 to \$3,500; and the corporate income tax went from 12.5 percent to 12 percent), tax revenues increased by 38 percent in the period from 1923 to 1929.

There remains, of course, important differences between the economic philosophies of Mellon and Kennedy. When surpluses turned into deficits, beginning in 1931, the balancing of the budget was made the keystone of the Hoover administration's recovery policy. Such an outlook called for a switch in policy to that of the imposition of higher tax rates and to the reduction of government expenditures, and nothing was heard of additional tax cuts to balance the budget, much less a "planned deficit." Obviously, a balanced budget was believed to possess some mysterious and inherent property to generate prosperity.

However, it isn't necessary to go all the way back to the '20's in order to unearth examples of tax-cut proposals argued from the basis of Mellon's "sound business principles." Several distinguished critics of Mr. Kennedy's program should be able to recall how during the Truman days one tax reduction bill after another was vetoed by a President bent on both maintaining high tax-rates in order to fight inflation and running a surplus in order to reduce the national debt. The story could be told in detail of how some Congressional opponents of Mr. Truman, in 1947 and 1948, stood their ground on the proposition that reduced tax rates did not mean reduced tax revenues, giving as evidence the experience of the 1920's.

Of course, this is 1963, not 1924. Perhaps present-day business principles have changed, and higher sales and profits do come with price hikes instead of price reductions - at least that is the theory that has been popular in some quarters during the past year. One can almost hear some future Secretary of the Treasury's argument for a tax rate hike: an increase in the tax rate will supply the funds necessary to permit the modernization of the federal government's tax collection methods, which, given the competition with state and local tax systems, will permit the federal government to minimize the wastes in tax collection, thus increasing not only the taxpayer's morale but, and consequently, tax revenues as well. Or some such business principle.

DONALD F. SWANSON

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Robert Frost: *A Momentary Stay*

by Irving Howe

The best of Robert Frost, like the best of most writers, is small in quantity, narrow in scope and seldom the object of popular acclaim. There are a dozen or fifteen of his lyrics which register a completely personal voice, both as to subject and tone, and which it would be impossible to mistake for the work of anyone else. These lyrics mark Frost as a severe and unaccommodating writer: they are ironic, troubled and ambiguous in many of the ways modernist poems are. Despite a lamentable gift for public impersonations and for shrewdly consolidating his success in a country that cares little about poetry, Frost has remained faithful to what Yeats calls "the modern mind in search of its own meanings."

This Frost seldom ventures upon major experiments in meter or diction, nor is he as difficult in reference and complex in structure as are the great poets of the 20th Century. But as he contemplates the thinning landscape of his world and repeatedly finds himself before closures of outlook and experience, he ends, almost against his will, in the company of the moderns. With their temperament and technique he has little in common; he shares with them only a vision of disturbance. This Frost is problematic in his style of thought, quite unlike the twinkling Sage who in his last years became the darling of the nation. At his best Frost is a poet of elusiveness, wit and modesty; he does not posture in blank verse nor does he reinforce the complacency of his audience; he can even approach a hard and unmannered wisdom.

Frost has also written a small number of memorable poems in another vein: dramatic monologues and dialogues set in northern New England which present realistic vignettes of social exhaustion. While neither as original or distinguished as the best of his lyrics, they often live in one's mind, somewhat as a harshly monochromatic

picture might. And that apart, from a few scattered pieces, represents the sum of his first-rate work.

To many readers this will seem an outrageous judgment and to others a harsh one; but it is neither. What I have said about Frost can and must be said about all but the greatest writers. Measured against the strictest critical standards, my judgment, if at all correct, should be taken as praise.

In his long poems most of them uniting satire and didacticism, Frost is at his worst. An early long poem, "New Hampshire," foreshadows the sly folksiness that would later endear him to native moralists, lady schoolteachers, and miscellaneous middlebrows. The verse is limp; the manner coy; the thought a display of provincialism. In the least happy sense of the word, the poem is *mannered*: Frost catering to his idiosyncracies and minor virtuosit-ies. Even when he is clever ("Lately in converse with a New York alec/About the new school of pseudo-phallic"), it is with the cleverness of a man holding fast to his limitations.

Twenty years ago Malcolm Cowley, writing in this journal, compared Frost to Hawthorne, Emerson and Thoreau and shrewdly noticed the narrowing of sensibility he had come, at his worst, to represent:

"Height, breadth and strength: he falls short in all these qualities of the great New Englanders. And the other quality for which he is often praised, his utter faithfulness to the New England spirit, is not one of the virtues they knowingly cultivated. They realized that the New England spirit, when it stands alone, is inclined to be narrow and arithmetical. It has reached its finest growth only when cross-fertilized with alien philosophies."

Much of Frost's later work—"A

Masque of Reason," "Build Soil," "A Masque of Mercy" and the bulk of "Steeple Bush"—illustrates the hardening of his public pose. It is a pose of crustiness and sometimes even heartlessness, and it reflects the feeling of a writer that he need no longer engage with the problems of his time. In such writing he is the dealer in packaged whimsies, the homespun Horace scrutinizing man, God and liberalism. Because political fashions changed during the last decades of his life, the aged Frost found himself being applauded for precisely the sententia which had previously, and with good reason, been attacked. But now his hard-shelled individualism won the admiration of readers who in their own experience had increasingly to acknowledge that it would no longer do: perhaps that is why they wished to admire it in poetry.

In these poems conversational tone slips into garrulousness, conservatism declines into smallness of mind, and public declamation ends as mere vanity of pronouncement. If this were all we had of Frost, there would be no choice but completely to accept the powerful attack launched upon him a few years ago by Yvor Winters. Frost, wrote Winters, had a way of "mistaking whimsical impulse for moral choice," a kind of irrational romanticism that left him a "spiritual drifter." Reading such passages as the one in "A Masque of Reason" where God declares—

I'm going to tell Job why I tortured
him
And trust it won't be adding to the
torture.
I was just showing off to the Devil,
Job.

—one is strongly tempted to go along with Winters. Frost permits himself such mindless flippancies because he knows that by now his audience has been trained to admire his faults at the very point where they become magnified by cleverness. It is a familiar story: the writer who does not struggle to overcome his limitations will end by parodying them.

Frost the national favorite is a somewhat different figure. He is a writer of lyrics that often achieve a flawed or partial distinction: the language clear, the picture sharp, the rhythm ingratiating. "Birches," "Mending Wall," "The Death of the Hired Man," "The Pasture" – such poems are not contemptible but neither are they first-rate. They lack the urge to move past easy facilities that characterizes major writing. They depend too much on stock sentiments, especially the unconsidered respect good Americans feel obliged to show for "nature." They yield too readily to the common notion of poetic genius as an unaccountable afflatus:

At least don't use your mind too hard,
But trust my instinct – I'm a bard.

And they create a music too winsome
and soothing:

This saying good-by on the edge of
the dark
And the cold to an orchard so young
in the bark
Reminds me of all that can happen
to harm
An orchard away at the end of the
farm.

The appeal of such poems rests upon Frost's use of what might be called a mode of false pastoral. Traditionally, pastoral poetry employs an idyllic rural setting with apparently simple characters in order to advance complex ideas and sentiments, often implying a serious criticism of the society in which the poet lives. The pastoral seems to turn away in disgust from urban or sophisticated life and to celebrate the virtues of bucolic retreat, but it does not propose that we rest with either simple characters or simple virtues. It accepts the convention of simplicity in order to demonstrate the complexity of the real; and only in an inferior kind of romantic poetry is the pretense of the pastoral taken at face value.

In his inferior poems, however, Frost comes very close to doing precisely that. He falls back upon the rural setting as a means of endorsing the common American notion that a special wisdom is to be found, and found only, among tight-lipped farmers, village whittlers and small-town eccentrics.

Overwhelmingly urban, our society displays an unflagging nostalgia for the assumed benefits and beauties of country life. Between the social realities and the popular images there is a fatal split: millions of Americans who live in cities and suburbs preen themselves on homely virtues they neither possess nor could profitably employ if they did. They like to fancy themselves as good rugged country folk, or suppose they would have a better and happier life if they were. And the second-rank Frost is their poet.

He provides them with ennobling texts which both share in and reinforce the false consciousness in which they immerse themselves. He *becomes* his audience, mirroring and justifying its need for pastoral fancies. The more a magazine like *The New Yorker* influences the quality of sophisticated middle-class life, the more will many Americans feel a desire for some assuaging counter-image – woodsy, wholesome, a bit melancholic – such as Frost can provide. As a writer who bends his gift to the sincere misapprehensions of his readers, he has become a figure deeply integral to our culture; and the middlebrows who adore him must in fairness be granted the right to claim him as their own. All that can be said by way of qualification is that not the whole or best of Frost is theirs.

Matters are more complicated still. Frost is so skillful a performer that some of his most popular poems, like "Acquainted With the Night," "After Apple-Picking," and "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening" are also among his finest. It might be convenient, but is also a dangerous simplification, to draw a sharp line between his popular and superior poems. The two have a way of shading into one another, as has always been the case with those major writers of the past two centuries, like Dickens, Mark Twain and Sholom Aleichem, who managed to speak both to cultivated persons and to the mass audience. And part of what Frost's ordinary readers admire or look for in his poetry they are, I think, right in wanting: a renewal of primary experience, a relatedness to the physical world, a wisdom resting on moral health.

In his dramatic poems Frost seldom falls back upon ready-made pastoral.

These are poems of rural realism: New England as a depressed landscape, country people who are poor and deprived, families torn apart by derangement. The best of this group, such as "Home Burial" and "Servant to Servants," are studies in frustration, often the frustration of women who can no longer bear the weight of suffering. There is no "community" behind these figures, no sustaining world in which they can move: there is no Tilbury Town or Winesburg Ohio to define social boundaries. The men and women of Frost's poems are isolated; they are figures left over by a dead or dying culture; and the world they live in has begun turning into stone.

Powerful as some of these dramatic pieces are, they share a number of faults. Frost lacks the patience, the involvement, and the deep concern with moral nuance that are essential to a writer wishing to evoke human character. He tries to conform to the hard outlines of economical portraiture and to avoid the kind of detail that would be appropriate only to a novel, but the result is often that the poems rely too much on photographic anecdote. The events they depict are supposed to speak for themselves, but events seldom do.

Precisely the shading and implication one misses in Frost's dramatic poems are what distinguish the dramatic poems of his immediate New England predecessor, Edwin Arlington Robinson. Though not nearly so brilliant a virtuoso as Frost, Robinson writes from a fullness of experience and a tragic awareness that Frost cannot equal. No other American poet commands so rich a sense of moral life as does Robinson in "Eros Turannos," "The Wandering Jew," "Rembrandt to Rembrandt" and "The Three Taverns" – poems beside which Frost's work in the same genre seems stiff in portrayal and crude in psychology. Frost has a strong grasp on melodramatic extremes of behavior, usually extremes of loneliness and psychic exhaustion, but he lacks almost entirely Robinson's command of the middle range of experience. The life of Frost's poems is post-social, and the perspective from which it is seen a desperate one. Frost achieves a cleaner verbal surface and a purer diction, but Robinson is more abundant in moral detail and insight. Compared strictly on

their performances as dramatic poets, Robinson seems a major poet and Frost a minor one. For while Frost can be a master of nuance, it is only, or almost only, when he speaks in his own voice.

And that he does when he bears down with full seriousness in his small number of distinguished lyrics. Here the archness and sentimentalism have been ruthlessly purged; he is writing for sheer life. To read these poems, as they confront basic human troubles and obliquely notice the special dislocations of our time, can be unnerving—for they offer neither security nor solace. They are the work of a poet who, without the mediation of formal thought or religious sentiments, gives close and hard battle to his own experience. They seek to capture those moments when we confront experience in its bareness, observing some natural event or place with a pure sense of the dynamics of reception. They set out to record such tremors of being in their purity and isolation: as if through a critical encounter with the physical world one could move beyond the weariness of selfhood and into the repose of matter. But Frost, now supremely hard on himself, also knows that the very intensity with which these amounts are felt makes certain their rapid dissolution, and that what then remains is the familiar self, once again its own prisoner. Approaching a pure state of being, these lyrics return with the necessity of shaped meaning. And in their somewhat rueful turning back to the discipline of consciousness, the effect is both painful and final: they conclude with the reflection that the central quandary of selfhood, that it must forever spiral back to its own starting point, cannot be dissolved. That Frost sees and struggles with this dilemma seems to me one reason for saying that he inhabits the same intellectual climate as those modern writers whose presumed disorder is often compared unfavorably to his supposed health.

Frost's superior lyrics include: "Storm Fear," "An Old Man's Winter Night," "The Oven Bird," "Dust of Snow," "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening," "Spring Pools," "Acquainted With the Night," "The Lovely Shall Be Choosers," "Desert Places," "Neither Out Far Nor in Deep," "Provide, Pro-



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vide," "Design," "Happiness Makes Up in Height for What It Lacks in Length," "The Most of It," "Never Again Would Bird's Song Be the Same," "Directive" and a few others.

These poems are brief, and they demand from the reader a sharp recognition of their brevity. They focus upon a moment of intense realization, a lighting-up of hope and a dimming-down to wisdom. They attempt not a full seizure of an event, but an attack upon it from the oblique. They present a scene in the natural world, sometimes one that is "purely" natural and apparently unmarred by a human observer, but more often one that brings the "I" of the poem starkly against a natural process, so that the stress falls upon a drama of encounter and withdrawal. The event or situation – how spring pools will be sucked dry by the absorptive power of trees, in "Spring Pools"; how an albino spider perched on a "white heal-all" forms a dumb-show of purposeless terror, in "Design"; how the loneliness of a winter moment encompasses an observer unawares, in "Desert Places"; how a family caught in a fearful storm may not, unaided, be able to rescue itself, in "Storm Fear" – is rendered with a desire to make a picture that will seem complete in itself, but that will also, through the very perfection of its completeness, carry an aura of suggestion beyond itself. Frost allows for the sensuous pleasure of apprehending a moment in nature, but he soon cuts it short, since the point is not to linger over scene or pleasure but to move beyond them, along a line of speculation. Perhaps that is what Frost meant when he said that poetry "begins in delight and ends in wisdom."

These lyrics can be placed on a spectrum ranging from a few that seem entirely focussed upon a natural event to those which move past the event toward explicit statement. Despite the critical dogma which looks down upon statement in poetry, there is nothing inherently superior about the first of these kinds; Frost's greatest poems, as it happens, are those which end upon a coda of reflection. "Spring Pools" is an example of a poem that seems, at first, merely a snapshot of the external world:

These pools that, though in forests,
still reflect

The total sky almost without defect,
And like the flowers beside them,
chill and shiver,
Will like the flowers beside them
soon be gone,
And yet not out by any brook or
river,
But up by roots to bring dark foliage
on.

The trees that have it in their pent-
up buds
To darken nature and be summer
woods –
Let them think twice before they use
their powers
To blot out and drink up and sweep
away
These flowery waters and these
watery flowers
From snow that melted only yester-
day.

As a rendering of a natural event, the poem is precise, expert and complete. Exactness of description can be very moving, and so it is in "Spring Pools"; but beyond that, the poem – partly through a skillful play with prepositions in the tenth line – suggests how hard yet necessary it is that the brief loveliness of youth be sucked dry to form the strength of our prime. Where the poem moves beyond description and implication is in its problematic use of a parallelism between natural event and human experience, involving the ways in which they seem both close and ultimately distant. An implied equivalence between nature and man quickly brings a writer to the edge of the sentimental; but Frost does not cross it, for the poem, in its descriptive self-sufficiency, leaves to the reader the problem of what symbolic import to infer and how much tact he can muster in defending the poem against his inference. It is a poem about spring pools, the poignancy of youth, and problems of thinking, not in any hierarchy of value which dissolves everything into the "spiritual," but in a poised equality of perceiving.

Most of Frost's superior lyrics end with direct statement, and one measure of their success is his ability to make the statement seem an adequate climax to the remarkable descriptive writing that has preceded it. The problem is not one to be approached with *a priori* notions about the relationship between

imagery and statement in verse. When Cleanth Brooks writes that "Frost does not *think* through his images; he requires statements," he is guilty of a modernist dogma to the extent that he means his remark as an adverse criticism. Poetry has always been full of statement, even the poetry of many modernist writers who are supposed to confine themselves to symbolic indirection; and the critical problem in regard to Frost, or any other writer, always hinges on the extent to which the concluding statement is related, through logical fulfillment or irony, to the texture of the poem, and the extent to which the statement is in its own right serious in thought and notable in diction.

In "Desert Places" Frost starts with a description of a natural scene and then, in a very moving way, brings in the human observer:

Snow falling and night falling fast,
oh, fast
In a field I looked into going past,
And the ground almost covered
smooth in snow,
But a few weeds and stubble show-
ing last.

The woods around it have it – it is
theirs.
All animals are smothered in their
lairs.
I am too absent-spirited to count;
The loneliness includes me un-
awares.

And lonely as it is that loneliness
Will be more lonely ere it will be
less –
A blanker whiteness of benighted
snow
With no expression, nothing to ex-
press.

Thus far, the poem is very fine, but there follows the concluding stanza –

They cannot scare me with their
empty spaces
Between stars – on stars where no
human race is.
I have it in me so much nearer home
To scare myself with my own desert
places.

– in which Frost collapses into the kind of coyness one has come to associate

with his second-rank poems. Cut out the final stanza and "Desert Places" is a perfect small lyric; as it stands, the poem is a neat illustration of Frost's characteristic strengths and weaknesses; but the weakness of the last four lines is due not to the fact that Frost ventures a statement, but to the quality of the statement he ventures.

In most of the lyrics I have named Frost handles this problem with assurance. "The Oven Bird" presents a picture of a bird which in mid-summer sings loudly, as if in celebration of the lapsed spring:

He says the early petal-fall is past
When pear and cherry bloom went
down in showers
On sunny days a moment overcast;
And comes that other fall we call
the fall.

The writing here, both vivid and witty, is satisfying enough, and the theme, though treated with greater toughness, resembles that of "Spring Pools." The bird is assigned, as a pleasing conceit and not a sentimental indulgence, something of the poet's stoical resilience:

The bird would cease and be as
other birds
But that he knows in singing not to
sing.

Then come the concluding lines, in which Frost achieves a triumph of modulated rhetoric, a statement that can be regarded as an epitaph of his whole career:

The question that he frames in all
but words
Is what to make of a diminished
thing.

Many of Frost's first-rate lyrics unite with similar success a rapid passage of description and a powerful concluding statement. The familiar "Acquainted With the Night" owes a good part of its haunting quality not merely to Frost's evocation of a man walking the streets alone at night –

I have stood still and stopped the
sound of feet
When far away an interrupted cry
Came over houses from another
street

But not to call me back or say good-
bye;

– but also to the lines that immediately follow, lines of enigmatic statement indicating an ultimate dissociation between the natural world and human desire:

And further still at an unearthly
height,
One luminary clock against the sky

Proclaimed the time was neither
wrong nor right.
I have been one acquainted with the
night.

In discussing such poems it has become a commonplace to say, as W. H. Auden does, that Frost's style "approximates to ordinary speech" and that "the music is always that of the speaking voice, quiet and sensible." This does not seem an adequate way of describing Frost's lyrics, and perhaps not of any poetry worth reading a second time. Try reading "Spring Pools" or "The Most of It" in a voice approximating to ordinary speech: it cannot be done, short of violating the rhythm of the poem. Quiet these lyrics may be, "sensible" they are not. They demand a rhythm of enticement and immersion, a hastening surrender to unreflective nature – which means a rising and tensing of the voice; and then a somewhat broken or subdued return to reflectiveness. They are poems that must be read with a restrained intoning, quite different from "ordinary speech," though milder than declamation.

It is a way of reading enforced by their structure and purpose: the structure and purpose of wisdom-poems. Frost's best lyrics aim at the kind of wisdom that is struck aslant and not to be settled into the comforts of an intellectual system. It is the wisdom of a mind confessing its nakedness, caught in its aloneness. Frost writes as a modern poet who shares in the loss of firm assumptions and seeks, through a disciplined observation of the natural world and a related sequel of reflection, to provide some tentative basis for existence, some "momentary stay," as he once remarked, "against confusion." The best of his poems are neither indulgences in homely philosophy nor wanderings in romanticism. If any-

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*from the Introduction by
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thing, they are antipathetic to the notion that the universe is inherently good or delightful or hospitable to our needs. The symbols they establish in relation to the natural world are not, as in transcendentalist poetry, tokens of benevolence. These lyrics speak of the hardness and recalcitrance of the natural world; of its absolute indifference to our needs and its refusal to lend itself to an allegory of affection; of the certainty of physical dissolution; but also of the refreshment that can be found through a brief submission to the alienness of nature, always provided one recognizes the need to move on, not stopping for rest but remaining locked, alone, in consciousness. The lyric that best illustrates these themes is perhaps "The Most of It," which dramatizes our desire for cosmic solace and the consequence of discovering we cannot have it. I shall end by quoting this poem, because it seems best to illustrate what I have been trying to say, because it is the kind of farewell that Frost might have appreciated, and because it happens also to be one of

the greatest poems ever written by an American:

He thought he kept the universe
alone;
For all the voice in answer he could
wake
Was but the mocking echo of his
own
From some tree-hidden cliff across
the lake.
Some morning from the boulder-
broken beach
He would cry out on life, that what
it wants
Is not its own love back in copy
speech,
But counter-love, original response.
And nothing ever came of what he
cried

Unless it was the embodiment that
crashed
In the cliff's talus on the other side,
And then in the far distant water
splashed,
But after a time allowed for it to
swim,
Instead of proving human when it
neared
And someone else additional to him,
As a great buck it powerfully ap-
peared,
Pushing the crumpled water up
ahead,
And landed pouring like a waterfall,
And stumbled through the rocks
with horny tread,
And forced the underbrush – and
that was all.

Mr. Lerner's Great Crusade

by Philip Green

It is difficult to convey the nature of a book that attempts to discuss practically everything. One could truthfully say that the theme of each paragraph of Max Lerner's *The Age of Overkill*, which is intended as "A Preface to World Politics," would be inadequately represented by less than a scholarly article, or a whole book; but this would be in a way quite unfair. It is no longer

The Age of Overkill
A Preface to World Politics
by Max Lerner
(Simon and Schuster; \$5.95)

possible for any one man who wishes to say something important about more than a few large-scale social problems as to do so without falling into shallowness ("If not for the Grand Design of Communism, the Cold War would never have begun"), glibness, and occasional vulgarity ("The Indian mind delights in the balancing of contradictions"). This is the price of communicating complex ideas to a large audience; he who would play the role of the publicly concerned citizen must pay that price.

This is Lerner's role, and in some respects he plays it well. As in his earlier *America as a Civilization*, he here sums up (and incidentally bibliographizes),

often in better prose than the original, those going ideas about his subject with which close readers of the good newspapers, the serious magazines, and the currently important academic literature should be familiar. In this case his subject is the international scene; nuclear weapons and their unbalancing effect on the classical power system; the growth of the new *imperia*, East and West; the continuing social, ideological, racial, and technological revolutions, and the confrontation of rich and poor nations; the changing nature of international political leadership; the possibilities for arms control and world government; etc. In many respects, it would be hard to find a better general popular treatment of this involved and extensive matter, for Lerner is probably the best synthesizer of received opinion currently at work.

If this were sufficient – to have produced the best synthesizing treatment of received opinion in the United States – one could let it go at that. I am afraid, though, that it is not nearly sufficient, for the reason that that opinion is itself basically inadequate. I have said that one can understand and even excuse shallowness and vulgarity. But if when examined carefully, they exhibit a uniform tendency that is ultimately destructive of the integrity of the sub-

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ject matter, then further comment is necessary. In *The Age of Overkill*, two related areas of such tendentiousness are apparent. Together, they are symptomatic of – to use one of Lerner's favorite words – the whole "Ethos" of liberal America.

The first of these tendencies is the exhibition of a Cold War mentality which, despite constant adjurations against just such thinking, lives off the stereotypes of Communism as Dragon and America as St. George.

There have been, as Lerner sees it, historically two kinds of revolutions: "limited" ones, such as the British and American; and "unlimited" ones, such as the Russian and Chinese. The former "aim to overthrow a tyranny and establish an open society"; the latter "aim to overthrow a regime, whether of freedom or repression, and replace it with a closed society..." These types of revolution may also be called bourgeois and totalitarian, or, more simply, good and bad. The developing nations are urged to eschew the latter kind and follow in our "authentic revolutionary tradition."

The world view to which this unhistorical moralizing leads is explicitly black-and-white. Two ideas are competing in the world: the Communist idea and ours. And what is our idea?

"The Communists speak of their movement as 'socialist' and 'proletarian'. Only a term as radical as these – terms like 'freedom' and 'democracy' – can meet their challenge. I find 'free world' the most usable, being world-wide in scope. ... States like Spain, Portugal, Nationalist China, South Vietnam, South Korea and others ... are independent in the sense that their regimes can and do change. Whatever power tyrannies they have are their own, not those of the Communist power cluster. As long as this is true, they have a chance to move toward internal freedom."

The simple-mindedness of this conception is breathtaking. It is a striking phenomenon in American intellectual life that we are still able to confront the world with such assumptions, and it probably helps as much as anything else to explain and justify the anti-Americanism of intellectuals all over

the rest of the world. Our "radical" goal comes down, in the end, to nothing but being non-Communist! If a society is non-Communist (or anti-Communist, really; neutralism is a "tragic" error), then it is or will be "open," and therefore good. Since Western society is open and therefore good, history can in some sense "excuse" Cromwell, Robespierre, and Napoleon; the "dark satanic mills" and imperialism; the genocidal "winning of the West" in "pluralist" America; eventually, we must suppose, Guernica, apartheid (South Africa is one of those "others"), and so on. But history will never excuse the jailing of dissidents in Cuba, because Cuba is now Bad, since it is Communist, and can therefore never (apparently) be Open, or part of the "free world," as it presumably was under Batista. Furthermore, it is entirely up to one's own efforts whether one is to opt for "openness"; one does not have to go through proto-totalitarian revolutions such as Cromwell's (which Lerner manages to assimilate to England's "democratic" revolution), or begin development with a post-feudal "classless" society such as the United States' "authentic" revolutionary tradition was based on. In short, history is the realm not of necessity but of complete plasticity – unless one takes the primrose path to Communism, in which case one is caught in the iron necessity of 1984. This, of course, is the standard American version of inverted Marxism, in which one does away with dogma by pretending that there is neither economic nor historical determinism at all, thus creating a new kind of dogma. The virtue of this analysis is that we along with the English have a huge lead toward goodness over everybody else (except the Swedes, to whom Lerner duly gives kudos), and therefore are the natural moral leaders of the Grand Alliance and indeed the world, if only everyone would see it. ...

One does not know whether to laugh or cry at the prospect of American school children learning that Betancourt, being on "our side," is a "true revolutionary"; that worthy things may someday eventuate in Portugal and South Korea, but events in Poland, Yugoslavia, and Cuba offer no clues in the struggle for human betterment; and that "the Marxist revolutionary state

[is] born out of a fanatical hostility to the democratic (my emphasis) world" ... of the Tsar and Batista, one must assume.

Beneath the social scientism, in fact, we are being treated not to a world overview, but to a Troop Indoctrination Program. Like all such, this one misrepresents the nature of the struggle, and even the name of the enemy. It is distressing to realize how much this kind of New Frontier Era liberalism has in common with the kind of "Crusade" Fred Schwarz runs. The subject is political science, but the method is Demonology. ... The difference is that Lerner knows, deep down, where he goes wrong. Between the lines, so to speak, he is entirely sophisticated about the problems of underdeveloped countries, but he cannot move an inch out of the anti-Communist framework which becomes his whole thought, as it has become American thought generally.

The second notable tendency in his writing is related, I think, to this kind of sophisticated flag-waving. It may be described as a continual retreat, to a



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facile liberal optimism which begins to be woolly-headed. This is so despite his making every attempt to avoid such a position, chiefly by adopting a constantly somber tone and by calling himself "not a pessimist or an optimist but a possibilist." (This is typical of Lerner's method of defining his position, which is to locate two extremes and then, in the style of New Frontierism, plant himself firmly in the middle. At Princeton last year a student group presented him as a representative of the "extreme Left," his extreme Right vis-à-vis being a Birchite. It's hard to say whom the joke was on; the extreme Left, I think.)

In his analysis, the various "revolutions" and "explosions" that have become commonplaces of discussions are seen, quite accurately, as threatening to result either in an all-encompassing literal explosion, or in the final destruction of the hope that democratic ideals may come to fruition in the modern world. To overcome this threat we must go, in Lerner's words, "beyond the power principle" to an unexplored "new world" in which Americans will be the leading "new men," or frontier scouts. But what a letdown comes when we try to explore what the "new world" might look like, or how we might get there. In truth, Lerner can envisage nothing in the "new world" that is not already writ large in the old one, specifically in the Western European division, Anglo-Saxon branch, liberal section. The answer to Power in The Age of Overkill turns out to be "long-run wary" arms-control negotiations, to "buy time" without actually accomplishing anything in the way of major concessions; the rise of the New Federalists of the Common Market and the Alliance for Progress (!); and the creation of World Law (not world government, which is too extreme) and an "international police force" through the development of new, "transnational men."

But how and why any of this should come about, given the world of interacting mutual hostility and fear—in other words, what we will do with the time that we "buy"—we are not told. The assumption that it is a good thing for time merely to pass, all other things being equal, is after all an assumption from the "old," pre-Overkill world. One can at least make a strong argu-

ment with regard to the constant revolution in mass-destruction weaponry, as well as the imminent disaster facing the "rising expectations" of the new nations, that time is now *against* us. It is here, where serious analysis should begin, that Lerner stops, and dismisses out of hand the complaints of those who are less sanguine about the ability of men as they are maintaining things as they are to halt the juggernaut. To take just one problem, what will those powerful forces in our own country say to all this, who cannot reconcile themselves to the idea of a real detente, and how will a political leadership oppose them which agrees implicitly, as does Lerner, with their self-righteous interpretation of world affairs?

In the case of an otherwise thoughtful writer like Lerner, as well as other representatives of our official intellectual culture, I think such intellectual emptiness can only be understood as masking the repression of a more honest knowledge of the world. Such a knowledge would take account of the probability that Communism as a philosophy and an appeal is deducible from the failure of our civilization to institute its own ideals, and to find a way of making them real for others; that this continuing failure is itself responsible for much of the present grimness of the world situation on all fronts; and that in a strange and sad way we need the "Red Menace" to give us the only moral force we presently are able to command both at home and abroad.

Who ought to be lecturing whom about the future? In fact, Lerner's "possibilism" does not propose, or see as necessary, any basic changes in America's response to itself or the world; possibilism is just a hopeful surrender to the status quo. Like his sometime hero, President Kennedy, Lerner ignores deep institutional obstacles to the attainment of his vision—even consideration of them—in favor of empty slogans like "will," "leadership," and "elan." To substitute "will" and "leadership" for concrete changes in political and economic institutions is to find but a temporary way-station on that flight from post-liberal reality which is a feature of American thought today. To do what Lerner says we must do—to stare unblinkingly at the harsh reality of the Gorgon's head—that would be something else again.

The Cold Eye of Hans Morgenthau

by Charles Burton Marshall

To Richard Rovere, as to others numbering millions, the outcome of last autumn's crisis over Russian IRBMs and MRBMs in Cuba seemed at first a surpassing achievement—"perhaps the greatest personal diplomatic victory of any President in our history," by Rovere's immediate verdict. With the glory faded even before winter's end, Rovere has been left to draw ambig-

single minority at any juncture bothers him not at all. He is not often found in the rooting section.

I wonder whether or not to attribute popular success to him. The phrase may do implicit injustice to an astringent intellect. Yet he is read widely. Few if any among professors outdo him in assiduity. Besides directing the Center for the Study of American Foreign and Military Policy at the University of Chicago, he can be counted on for a new book every couple of years. He finds time also for occasional pieces in considerable number—some hundred of which, produced over the past fifteen years, constitute this new 440 thousand word, three-volume book.

A passage quoted from Michel de Montaigne bears on Morgenthau's outlook:

"As no event and no shape is entirely like another, so there is none entirely different from another: *an ingenious mixture on the part of Nature. If there were no similarity in our faces, we could not distinguish man from beast; if there were no dissimilarity, we could not distinguish one man from another.* All things hold together by some similarity; every example is halting, and the comparison is always defective and imperfect. And yet one links up the comparisons at some corner. And so do laws become serviceable and adapt themselves to every one of our affairs by some wrested, forced, and biased interpretation."

Without establishing linkage among events by keeping tabs on the characteristics they have in common, continuity in experience and understanding would be impossible, public actions would amount to unrelated responses to a discrete series of happenings, no precedents could be set or invoked, and a sense of history and therefore policy would be beyond attainment. Without factors of difference among events—without discontinuities and change—rote, precedent, and tradition would be all-sufficing, history would become mere repetition, and policy would be

obviated. Change makes policy necessary; continuity makes it possible.

Newcomers to foreign policy, mistaking the learning process for creativity, often tend toward slogans about change, novelty, dynamism, celerity, motion, and the like, whereas those who, because of having been around too long, have ceased to learn at all may come to reject all change as aberrant. In disregard of Edmund Burke's distinction between mere innovation and authentic reform, one may value change as a good *per se*. That is like sloughing off compass, rudder, and keel while raising a boundless sail. Yet to anchor fast to preconceptions is to forego all advantage; again in Burke's phrase, "a state without some means of change is without the means of its conservation." In coping with the "ingenious mixture" of real events, policy has to mediate endlessly between these extremes—in part shifting and in part holding to its course, integrating and differentiating at the same time, ever keeping track of resemblances and

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ous consolation from speculating that "a highly vulnerable Soviet military base in the Western Hemisphere gives us a kind of Soviet hostage . . . roughly comparable . . . to the Allied forces in West Berlin" and from imagining it to be temporarily less troublesome to have cool Russians rather than impulsive Cubans in charge of the bombers and surface-to-air missiles remaining. In his recollection, it "would have been impossible to believe in early November of last year that the respect and admiration which the President had won . . . would almost completely have disappeared by February."

Well, for one, the idea would not have been beyond belief for Hans Morgenthau. In his view personally conveyed and publicly written at the time, the policymakers—after taking so long to catch on—had eased off in undue anxiety and haste on conditions decidedly short of a solution. Amid the moment's hosannas, he anticipated a reasonably early righting of perspectives. It has come, leaving one to wonder what the cheering was about.

Especially with respect to foreign policy, though not to exclude other aspects of public affairs, Morgenthau specializes in digging out substantive significances behind glossy words and examining faddish assumptions with a cold eye. Being in a small or even a

divergencies between present and past and between one situation and another.

Morgenthau's role as an outside critic is to seek out overlooked distinctions and ignored parallels. He feels no compulsion either to buck or to bend to a trend. He likes new clichés no better than old, and vice versa. He is as critically alert to old impracticalities in the pragmatism vaunted on the New Frontier as he was to empty pieties during the preceding Administration. With him the main thing is to discount whatever ideas are oversold by powers-that-be at any particular juncture – to stand guard against every "wrested, forced, and biased interpretation" whether on behalf of change as inherently desirable or of precedent for mere sake of holding fast.

The weight of his criticism does seem to fall more often on overblown innovation than on empty precedent – a compensatory response, I suspect, to a wide predisposition. "I think that change is what we need in a changing world," the President remarked recently – a thought akin to recommending a wind machine for a cyclone season. Such preoccupation with novelty itself only reflects an old preconception. "The world and the books," Mark Twain once observed, "are so accustomed to use, and over-use, the word 'new' in connection with our country, that one gets the impression that there is nothing old about it." Celebrity of newness is one of the very old things about the New Frontier.

Such a role as Morgenthau's, while indispensable, has limitations, as he is duly aware. I was with him recently in one of those sedate charades called war-games. Morgenthau acted as a sporting equivalent to a US Secretary

of State. In a simulated policy situation, having to make irrevocable decisions under pressure of time and on a basis of incomplete and refractory information, he humbly owned to finding himself thinking and acting in modes he had often made a target for criticism. Referring to the political thinker as philosopher and to the political actor as king, he says in his book, "... The philosopher . . . knows more than the

king . . . and cannot act according to his knowledge. The king, even if he knew all that philosopher knows, would still not know for certain what action the concrete situation requires. No theoretical knowledge but only the experience of acting can teach him that. Yet even that experience will teach him only how to avoid the repetition of yesterday's blunder, not how to commit a new one tomorrow."

Crisis in Japanese Translation

by Faubion Bowers

An acquaintance, otherwise quite sensible, once asked seriously in 1949, "But if the Japanese have novels, what language are they in?" American literati, of course, were cognizant of Japan's classics, thanks to the archaist Waley and, to a less authoritative extent, the fantasists Pound and Yeats. Some even knew that in the 11th Century Japan copped the distinction of producing the world's first novel with characters, plot, development, change and dénouement – *The Tale of Genji* – written by a woman at that.

A decade ago we discovered modern Japanese literature and, more pertinent, found it marketable. Ever since, a novel a year at least has been translated into English and fed to a small but avid, continuously enlarging public. The first, *Homecoming* by Jiro Osaragi, was translated by a man who knew the language imperfectly. The latest, *After the Banquet* by Yukio Mishima, is translated by a supreme expert, Donald Keene, unique foreign recipient of Japan's highest literary award. The problem, as I have begun to hint, is not with Japanese writing – they publish a hundred novels a year and there are a dozen masterpieces waiting transformation into English at this moment: Shiga Naoya's *Dark Night's Journey*, Nagai Kafu's *Strange Tale from East of the River*, and two of Mishima's, *The Dryness of Love* and *Beautiful Star*, a romance about flying saucers.

Until recently Japanese was reckoned an impossibly obscure language. Before the War, for instance, I was urged in all sobriety by several resident-foreigners living in Japan to abandon my modest studies – "Outsiders are physically and

biologically unable to plumb the depths . . ." "Settle for 'kitchen' Japanese and the dictionary. . . ." It is indeed true that Japanese has around ten words for "I," "You," etc., and a sentence such as "the weather is fine," without any personal pronouns can convey in its various structures the sex, local origin, occupation and social status of the speaker or writer.

The War, happily, disproved that these obstacles were insurmountable. Numbers of young men emerged from souped-up Army and Navy language schools with a commission and a sometime mastery of Japanese – written and spoken, classical and modern, "kitchen" and literary. Three of them, Donald Keene, Edward Seidensticker, and Ivan Morris, have become translation wizards of our time. A more dazzling triumvirate would be hard to find in any country's linguistic or literary history. But here again, there is an adumbrative murmur of worry. Three? Where are the numbers? And in a moment there will come a bigger question: What has happened to them?

I know of no profession where excellence stands so squarely on absence. A good translator is "unobtrusive," "transparent," "true to the original." In other words, the better the translation, the less you are aware of the work. It is a shadowy, behind-the-scenes occupation. Aesthetically that may be as it should be. But emotionally, with the human factor? The crowning anecdote illustrating the potential anonymity of a translator happened not long ago when Arthur Waley, doyen of the great, was formally requested by UNESCO to translate *The Tale of*

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Philip Green is on the faculty of the School of Politics at Princeton. Charles Burton Marshall is a member of the Washington Center of Foreign Policy Research. He is the author of *The Limits of Foreign Policy*. Faubion Bowers is a scholar of Oriental culture and the author of *Theater in the East*.

Genji, a book he had spent ten years translating, 30 years ago.

The lot of the translator is not always happy. He may be inspired by the nobility of allying himself with great literature and consider the honor of purveying genius. He may dream, initially, of being a Fitzgerald or Garnett or Scott-Moncrieff. Or he may need the psychological safety of never being at fault – "It's that way in the original, so what can I do?" But his rewards are too thin no matter how he thinks. And here the translator of European languages separates from the Japanese. No one, not even the mastercraftsmen of the triumvirate, can whip off a translation as Europeans do. The dissimilarity between this Asian language and English is enormous. At the end of the labor, the author is too unknown to us, his milieu too exotic, his characters too foreign for general best-selling consumption. The gulf between humanity there and humanity here is trenched with customs, habits, goals, and ensuant situations.

Financially, the gain is derisory. Those Japanese masterpieces, which one hears discussed at intellectual cocktail parties, such as *Sound of Waves*, *Some Prefer Nettles*, and *Fires on the Plain*, and which *Time* plugs and the *Times* rave-praises, net the translator less than a thousand dollars. The work has taken a year; the total training, a lifetime; the kudos is often no more than a reviewer who pretends (for his readership) to know Japanese and stand in judgment with a brief, condescending "as the author intended."

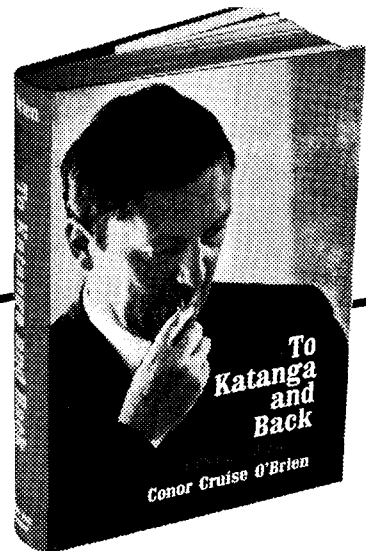
A translator must live, and for so specialized an artist-linguist, only universities provide haven. To be successful there, a professor may translate but promotions and pay-hikes are based on classics, not modern literature. Not even deans and presidents can wait until present-day works become "modern classics," as so many of them soon will be. A short article in a learned journal on pipe-smoking in the 16th Century or step-son incest in antiquity garners more tangible recognition for a translator's livelihood, his real means of earning his living, than the bringing of a master-writer, Tanizaki Junichiro's masterwork to the attention and availability of an international public. Such is academe.

Of the three great Japanese transla-

tors, two are classicists and both are ensconced in Columbia University: Donald Keene who is engaged in writing a comprehensive history of Japanese literature; and Ivan Morris who has completed a life and manners book on 10th Century Japan. The third, Edward Seidensticker – a temporary, maverick modernist – valiantly held out for making translation a profession rather than a sideline. Now, he has left Japan and withdrawn from further translation of contemporary novels. Although his work includes two top-flight writers, Kawabata and Tanizaki, he has yielded to the inevitable, not necessarily acrimoniously, perhaps threateningly, certainly realistically. He teaches at Stanford University.

For a while there was time and youth enough to do favors for author friends. It was sufficient glory to introduce abroad distinguished fiction. But the point of no return has come sooner than expected. With the hot zeal of pioneering gone, how can the three translators continue? The double work of propaganda and demonstration is done: the men are become too good, too important in their own name, to continue vicariously. One final irony is the fact that genius in translation exists not so much in mastery of a foreign tongue – where most of the sweat has gone – but in control stylistically of their own. The finest linguist today, a professor at a university, excels the great three as a *linguist*, but he can not be used as a translator because the empty dryness of *his* writing wrecks even a minor short story. Here we reach the self-destructive seed where the three write too well on their own, better even, than some of the writers they are asked to translate.

Meanwhile, we the whetted readers must wonder when the next modern masterpieces will come? Will publishers go back to lesser translators and ultimately axe their own success with Japanese literature? Would the subtle Weatherby or the clever Hibbett be willing to halt their careers and pinch-hit? Will a new crop of translators appear who can bear the burden to their pocketbook and self-esteem? I imagine that only sweet inducement from the public, as well as the publishers, can lure the triumvirate back into reconsideration.



Conor Cruise O'Brien has written an angry, eloquent book about the UN adventure in Katanga

His resignation from the UN over the Katanga crisis made international headlines in 1961. His explosively frank opinions on the UN action, on Hammarskjöld, on the positions taken by the United States, Britain, Belgium are given in *To Katanga and Back*. Just published and already topic of hot debate. First tributes from England:

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FILMS

Boudoir of the World

Jean Genêt's play, *The Balcony*, has a considerable history of adaptation in its short life. It was first published in 1956 in fifteen scenes; it was subsequently published in 1960 in nine scenes. (This is the version available here in translation.) Its first production was in English—London, 1957—over the author's violent protests about the way it was produced. It was first pre-

The Balcony (Continental)
Le Amiche (Titanus)

sented in New York, off Broadway, in March, 1960 and was condensed before the opening; it was presented in France the following May and was condensed after the opening. It has now been radically adapted for the screen and has been filmed off-Hollywood.

The Balcony is the name of a brothel in an unidentified country that is torn by revolt. This brothel, an imaginatively equipped palace of illusion, is an observation post from which the bloodshed and struggle can be watched; and the fantasies that the clients act out with the girls are caricatures of the world outside. Three regular customers have always enacted a bishop, a judge, a general, and in a moment of crisis they have to masquerade as such in the real world. The chief of police, busy suppressing the rebels, takes time to visit the madam, who is his mistress. One of his frustrations is that no client has yet wanted to impersonate him. The rebel leader appears toward the end and asks to impersonate the chief. At the conclusion of his scene with a girl, the leader castrates himself. The characters disperse. The revolt is either a success or a failure; it is not clear. The madam addresses the audience: "You must now go home, where everything—you can be quite sure—will be even falsier than here."

Even this stripped summary discloses that the play is a fantasy on themes of power and of relative values, as mirrored in extreme rituals of sex. Genêt's plays have been shoved into the hastily convoked School of the Absurd, but

they do not belong there. Both before and after *The Balcony*, he has shown himself a poetic dramatist of social protest. The modes of meaninglessness—of Beckett, Ionesco, Pinter, Adamov—are remote from this man whose life and work have been acts of assault, hatred of degraded ideals. There is cruelty in the Absurdist, but there is little hate. Hate is impossible without ideals, and ideals are impossible in the theater's current *reductio ad Absurdum*.

The screenplay of *The Balcony*, by Ben Maddow, tries to slice down to the themes of the original, articulating them somewhat differently. In a narrow sense the script is an improvement. Genêt poses vivid situations, then does not develop them dramatically. For example, each of the clients' scenes begins startlingly, but after one has perceived both the fetish and its symbolism, which takes about a minute, nothing further comes of the scene but verbal embroidery on the initial situation. On a larger scale the play could be summed up the same way: it is a basically startling and promising image which is not successfully developed. One does not ask for copy-book maxims from a poetic drama, but on Genêt's own terms, the metaphors do not generate sufficient tension, do not grow and burst, as the act of drama should. The best effects are those of lyric poetry, which has only to establish striking figures in apposition and need not do much more with them.

Maddow, sensing this, has tried to impose stricter form and direction on the material, has shortened and simplified. Thus some of the theatrical tedium has been excised, but, inevitably, so has much of the imagery and idea. If Genêt had shaped the work better, it would be a better play; Maddow's shaping only makes it more stream-lined. And, while altering, Maddow has added mere gags (the general settles his bill with a credit card); and he has disrupted the tone of the work by fluctuating between bitter fantasy and broad satire. The police chief

makes a jabberwocky radio address; the three fake officials make a farcical triumphant tour by car and pay a meaningless visit to the morgue; the castration is omitted, and the chief and the rebel fight—stopped only by the whores' stripping them naked at the madam's orders.

Yet this same script might have become a more satisfying film in the hands of a more gifted director. Joseph Strick, who previously made the sophomore *Savage Eye*, has little knowledge of acting, a trite pictorial eye, and less sense of tone than his scriptwriter. Under the titles we see a montage of newsreel shots: street riots, raging mobs. From this scary reality we switch to the brothel, which does not seem to be related even in fantasy to this grainy newsreel world. (When the three fakers later ride through the streets, the newsreel shots, which had previously been used with the grimmest reality, are now used for Chaplinesque effects.) Within the chimerical brothel itself, the film is handled without evocative poetic effect. The camera is factual; it needed the touch of a Cocteau.

Strick cannot help insecure actresses like Joyce Jameson and Arnette Jens, and he has miscast Ruby Dee. Peter Falk, an actor of guttural capabilities, is never allowed to make the police chief either a power symbol with comic facets or a Marx Brothers butt. Shelley Winters, the madam, is much too earth-bound to be an Earth Mother. We could believe her as a madam in Toledo or Tulsa, not as the archetypal madam of Nowhere and Everywhere. However, the film does give substantial opportunity to that shamefully neglected actress, Lee Grant, who plays the madam's Lesbian friend. How prodigally wasteful our theater and films are, not to offer fuller scope to this fine actress.

The merits of the picture, which exist, must not be scanted. It is worth applauding the elementary fact that it was made, that something was done—even if it was adapting a French play—to keep American films at least vaguely in touch with what is happening in the rest of the world. More positively, after all the faults have been noted, the picture contains a residuum of the suggestive ambiguities of Genêt's play. And it conveys some sense of sex as ambience, sex not merely as the pleasures of the bed but as a pervasive

force, a medium for mysteries, revelations, fulfillments.

Le Amiche (*The Girl Friends*) is early Antonioni, made in 1955 before *Il Grido* and the trilogy. Its intricate story is woven around the residence in Turin of a young *couturière* from Rome: her arrival to manage an expensive fashion salon, her meetings with women, her acquisition of a lover, and, because of an emotional outburst, her return to Rome. The worlds are those of the upper middle class and of art (like the trilogy), and some of the sequences

are superb. There is an expedition to the beach that prefigures *La Dolce Vita*, and with subtlety and ellipsis, expresses as much as Fellini's orgies. All of the picture is intelligent and interesting, but it slants on a literary bias. It seems more a filmed novel than a film. It is expertly done and would be a small jewel for a lesser man, but it lacks most of what Antonioni has since learned to do by film means alone. It has his subject matter and some of his complexities of spirit but not much of his subsequent style.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

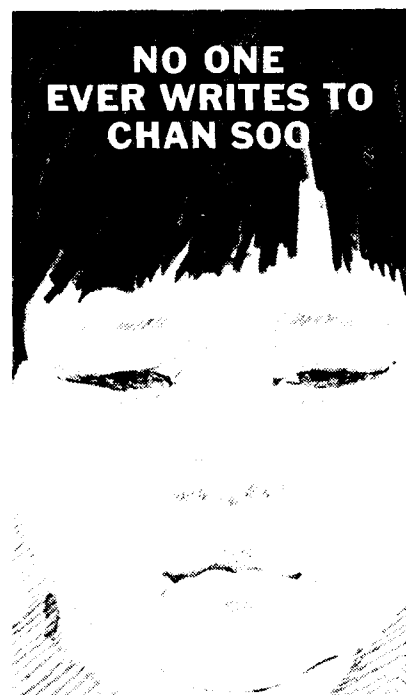
ART

The Younger Ernst

From around the turn of the century it has been clear to just about everyone that the virtue in the art of painting resides elsewhere than in the subject or the subject's verisimilitude to its original in life. It is always worth while reminding ourselves that the late Victorian verisimilitude against which the new aesthetic railed was usually more similar—than veri—. For us today, at least, Sir Luke Fildes' famous picture of the doctor on watch is further removed from truth than *MAD* magazine's burlesque of it called "Great Moments in Medicine: Presenting the Bill." There is the possibility that part of the manifest fault of verisimilitudistic art was not so much that it copied from life as that it gave a sentimental and therefore false view of life. At any rate, other virtues were discovered in painting and found to be as rewarding when sought in Renaissance art as when sought in the work of Cézanne. These old virtues, newly found, included the well-known "tactile values" of Bernard Berenson, the perception of weight and volume, the motor sensation stimulated by perception of painted space and movement. In two words, the mimetic was superseded by the kinetic.

The original discoveries became known chiefly as tools for the grasp of existing art, including the art of the past. Presently, the logical shift was made into the creation of new art. If

subject was negligible, if, as could be demonstrated, the response to Masaccio and Michelangelo came from the weight and strain, respectively, of the figures rather than from the images of St. Peter or of Adam, than surely, in a more enlightened age, these excuses for weight and strain could be dispensed with entirely; the scaffolding could be dismantled and the painterly virtues given free play for the first time in history. This notion has been embodied in a continuing minor current of the mainstream of modern art ever since. It has at times got itself confused with oriental calligraphy and at times been reduced to absurdity in the interpretation of painterly virtue as the mere act of applying paint to a surface. "Story," thrown out as an element so long ago, has crept back in as the mythic encounter between the artist and his materials, generally accepted as more up to date than the encounter between Sir Luke and consumption. The trouble is that like Sir Luke's encounter, the more current one takes place off the canvas, as far as the spectator is concerned. The Greeks could get away with off-stage action but very few since have been able to. What is left on the stage, or canvas, in this simplified approach to the kinetic virtues of painting is usually decoration at best, pretty colors broadly painted. This is why mystagoguery has had to be imported from faith-healing to art writing, to explain the



Life for Chan Soo has been a bewildering succession of new places, strange voices and unfamiliar faces. His family are refugees from the north. When Chan Soo's father was killed in an accident last year, his mother moved to a neighboring village to seek work. She now ekes out a precarious living as a farm worker. The harsh demands of the soil leave her little time—or strength—to care for Chan Soo.

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invisible god. From the Picasso and Braque of 1906 onward, most of the painterly virtue in our time has been most evident in paintings which have maintained a connection, however tenuous, to the world outside physical paint. On the other hand, the deliberate effort to isolate the essence of painting as separate from the world has almost always ended in failure.

There have been exceptions to this melancholy rule and one of the most successful now working is Jimmy Ernst. He is the son of Max Ernst, the German Dadaist and later Surrealist, but the heritage is only very dimly present in the younger man's work; it can be deduced from the fact that Jimmy Ernst never had any formal art school training; he grew up in studios and galleries and began to paint at 20, having a few years earlier arrived on these shores in flight from the mad Germans. There is one other sign of his descent. He paints with his brain as well as his heart, hand and eye. If, on many occasions, the art of Max Ernst, like that of his associates, was all too

cerebral, even under the guise of being anti-rational, Jimmy Ernst has redressed the balance without jettisoning the intellect.

At the end of the last decade, Jimmy Ernst was doing what he called "rock paintings." These were not, as the name could imply, actual rocks fastened to a surface, but were made out of oil paint on canvas. There was an overall pattern, basically, perhaps, related to work being done then by Sam Francis, but much more subtle in color and complex in form. In a rectangle somewhat bigger than three by four feet, you seemed to be looking at a wall of luminous quartz, reticulated throughout by the edges of individual rocks and by cracks within them. Color ran through this varied pattern in rhythm with the variations of size and strata. The size of the individual units went from large to small to tiny, and color shifted, too, very delicately, as did the impression of relative translucence.

By the middle fifties, however, he had made his initial reputation with works apparently totally unrelated to the subtle shifts of color in the rock paintings, attacking, in fact, a completely different kind of problem. These were the black on black paintings for which he is still, perhaps, most widely known. On a flat black ground, regular and even, were disposed structures in glossy black, consisting of curved and straight lines, and curved and straight bars, all black. Sometimes there was a suggestion of some elaborate aerial or radar system, sometimes a suggestion of the wire structures made by Richard Lippold. In "Narrative," seen in the 1957 University of Illinois biennial, about the left quarter of the painting was taken up by one such arrangement, centered on two large opposed arcs, split by a vertical open space, surrounded by short bars that seemed but were not symmetrical, the whole enclosed in a border rectangle and creating somewhat the effect of a Lautrec figure at the edge of a bar-room scene: on the point of leaving the picture and joining the viewer. The center structure occupied the middle distance by virtue of its scale and was a rough pyramid of wires and bars, in arcs, lines and rectangles. Then on the right, the third and final structure, a little looser and in slighter smaller scale, seemed coming up from far away; all three were

joined by arc to a low structure in the bottom right, the earth or a rooftop and close. Besides creating an elegant linear motion, the whole also opened up perfectly flat, blank, black space in a subtle and masterful way. The base black was plane surface but it was also near and far.

Within the last couple of years, Ernst has brought these two things together, not one superimposed on the other but each transforming the other into a third, completely unified language of color, line, depth and movement. In shows this winter at the Borgenicht Gallery, New York, and the Obelisk, Washington, his paintings have announced the arrival at full maturity and full command of a major artist. They have announced also another solution to the rarely solved problem mentioned earlier, how to achieve by abstract means the communication of weight and volume and movement that painters from Giotto through Picasso have found only in the world itself of weight, volume and movement. Ernst in his new work has achieved those and also a lyric, singing quality rare enough in the art of any time.

The reticulation of the rock paintings is now finer, almost granular, but still subject to swellings and diminishings of size. The arc and bar structures now are composed of these grains and the whole is suffused with color which changes as it is within the structural members or within the space between them. Large areas now seem covered with a film, as if the color were frozen, given an edge of frost; on inspection, each grain combines its color and a streak of white; in open areas, sometimes, the frost is thawed and the pure color sings sweetly clear. The structures seem presences, as if incarnated out of the action of the Northern Lights, sometimes, with their great arcs, as if they were six-winged seraphs from ancient scriptures. The presences approach and recede, are near and far; they measure and channel space even as they hover within it.

So elaborate is the vision and so completely is it realized that although the paintings do indeed pass beyond contact with the visual world, the artist has truly created a world of his own in which no one who walks or looks is a stranger.

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Correspondence

The New Republic welcomes communications in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less are most suitable for publication.

Tragedy in Dedham

Sirs:

Within a limited space it is not possible to point out the many errors and inaccuracies in Judge Musmanno's review of my *Tragedy in Dedham*. Originally I believed Sacco to be innocent, but I did not have a vested interest in this belief and when the facts were too overwhelming for me to continue I was able to change my mind. Among my reasons were the following:

1) Sacco's trial lawyer, former general counsel for the IWW, Fred Moore, came to the conclusion while he was still defending them that Sacco was guilty and Vanzetti "possibly" guilty. This I learned in a letter from Upton Sinclair. Long before Moore had left the case he had also told Roger Baldwin of his conclusion.

2) On the day of the crime Sacco was absent from work. Four of his anarchist comrades testified to having seen him in Boston on that date. But years later a former anarchist, Anthony Ramuglia, who had belonged to the Boston group admitted that he had been asked by his comrades to swear falsely that he had seen Sacco in the city. He was coached in the story he was to tell in court, but shortly before he was to appear he remembered that he had really been in jail on that day. The others thought it would be too risky for him to testify. Ramuglia's admission impugns the testimony of the others.

3) James Cannon who organized the International Labor Defense to aid Sacco and Vanzetti admitted privately that he thought Sacco was guilty.

4) In a letter to me Max Eastman related how Carlo Tresca had told him flatly that Sacco was guilty. Tresca was the leader of the anarchists in the United States and knew their innermost secrets. It was he who brought Moore into the case.

5) One of the shells found at the scene of the crime (known afterwards as Shell W) and one of the bullets

taken from the dead guard's body (known afterwards as Bullet III) had been fired in a .32-caliber Colt. Sacco had such a Colt when he was arrested. The comparison microscope, the only reliable instrument for ballistics identification was not known at the trial. Only in 1927 did Colonel Goddard use the comparison microscope to compare test shells and bullets with Shell W and Bullet III. His conclusion was that Shell W and Bullet III had been fired in Sacco's pistol and could have been fired in no other. After observing his findings two defense experts, one of them Professor Augustus Gill of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, repudiated their earlier position and withdrew from the case.

6) In 1961 Colonel Frank Jury and Mr. Jac Weller under the supervision of the Massachusetts Department of Public Safety, used comparison microscopes to compare Shell W and Bullet III with test shells and bullets fired in 1921. Each man worked independently of the other and kept his findings to himself. Both concluded that Bullet III and Shell W had been fired from the same weapon as the 1921 test shells and bullets fired in Sacco's Colt. Colonel Jury then asked permission to test-fire Sacco's Colt. Because of a slight rusting of the barrel he was not sure he could get a clear impression. However after two shots had cleared the barrel he found that the impression was transmitted clearly and distinctly. Jury and Weller found independently that the 1961 test shells matched Bullet III and Shell W and that they also matched the 1921 test shells and bullets. So this was indeed a double proof that Shell W and Bullet III had been fired in Sacco's Colt. I myself looked through the microscope at the matched shells and bullets several dozen times during the day of the tests, and I could see with my own eyes how the myriad striations of the test shells coincided with the striations on Shell W and Bullet III. A photograph of Shell W matched with a test shell can be seen in my book.

Francis Russell
Wellesley, Mass.

Justice Musmanno is right in saying that once you remove accumulated rust (rust being decomposed metal) from a gunbarrel, the original identity of that barrel is destroyed forever—especially

since rust first attacks the sharp edges of the rifling, which do much to give each barrel whatever unique characteristics they may have.

If Russell's sloppily conducted test was wrong, then it adds nothing to the case either way. On the other hand, if the 1961 test bullet now actually *does* match the murder bullet, then it entirely negates the Commonwealth's ballistics case, which was founded upon test bullets fired in 1920-21 from Sacco's then *unrusted* barrel—at that time it would obviously have been producing bullets markedly different from any that could be obtained from it now.

The first serious rust found in Sacco's Colt was during the *post-trial* actions when a pseudo-expert named Hamilton, whom my grandfather had ill-advisedly hired, examined the pistol.

Wm. J. Thompson
Boulder, Colorado

Having recently read *Tragedy in Dedham*. I was very much interested in Justice Musmanno's criticism of Francis Russell's use of ballistics evidence to conclude that Niccolo Sacco may have been guilty of the south Braintree murder for which he was executed. Putting aside the question of the value of the ballistics tests of 1961, and Russell's evidence at his own evaluation, it pre-

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sumably proved that Sacco's gun was the murder weapon used in the Braintree robbery. From this Russell concludes that Sacco *either was the Braintree murderer or at least knew who the guilty man was.* (Vanzetti's innocence appears beyond question.)

Now if Sacco's gun was indeed the murder weapon, the last part of this theory — that Sacco knew the murderer — would seem to have some substance. But one is struck at once by the fact that Russell's suggestion that Sacco was the murderer contradicts every other piece of evidence which Russell himself has cited. Witness after witness positively stated that at the time of the Braintree murder Sacco had been in Boston making arrangements for his return to Italy. The reliability of these witnesses, who included consular officials, was not questioned.

One wonders then how this author, having himself shown that Sacco had an unshaken alibi that he was in Boston at the time of the murders, could then conclude that Sacco could possibly have been present in South Braintree, and might even have committed the murders himself.

Rosanne T. Klass
New York, N. Y.

Justice Musmanno has certainly laid waste to *Tragedy in Dedham*. I thank you and him for an extremely valuable public service; other reviews had misled me into thinking that Mr. Russell might have something.

Emmett Swisshelm
Long Island City, N. Y.

Inspection of Cuba

Sirs:

It would seem that the Administration finds itself in a corner on the issue of Cuba; if it doesn't extricate itself from it, rumors that Russian rockets are being re-introduced into Cuba will keep on recurring and may each time be exploited for domestic political purposes. In the end, such rumors might force the President to choose between again risking war over Cuba or risking losing the next elections.

It is hardly practicable for the Secretary of Defense to refute such rumors, again and again, by going each time before the American people and showing aerial photographs of Cuba. Also, it is

one thing to take aerial photographs of Cuba in an emergency and quite another thing to continue the aerial surveillance of Cuba indefinitely, in violation of international law, and by courtesy of the Russians who restrain the Cubans from shooting down our aircraft.

During the Cuban crisis, the US asked for UN inspection of Cuba and offered in return to guarantee Cuba against a US supported invasion. At that time U Thant conveyed that Cuba would accept UN inspection provided it would cover not only Cuba but also the adjacent Caribbean areas, including Florida, from which an invasion against Cuba might be staged.

UN inspection of Cuba on a continuing basis might solve the problem which currently plagues us. The Secretary General of the United Nations could then take appropriate action whenever it becomes necessary to refute new rumors about Russian rockets being in Cuba and he would be immune to the charge of having a domestic political axe to grind, a charge which can be leveled against any spokesman of the Administration. Year after year, America has been prodding Russia to accept measures of reciprocal inspection.

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tion which America deemed to be necessary; by accepting the kind of United Nations' inspection of Florida which would offer assurances to Cuba against a surprise invasion, America would set just the precedent that is needed. It seems to us that if another opportunity were to present itself to obtain United Nations inspection of Cuba, on the terms described by U Thant, America ought not to let it slip by again.

It is a foregone conclusion that nationalistic sentiments opposed to United Nations' inspection of Florida would be exploited for domestic political purposes also. This would not be as dangerous, however, as pressure for a blockade of Cuba which is likely to recur if there is no inspection of Cuba.

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Goodman and the TV Networks

Sirs:

Paul Goodman's work as a television critic is, to use his own phrase, a continuing disaster.

Whether television is good, bad or disastrous, if it is to be discussed in your pages at all, we subscribers are entitled to the services of a critic who knows his subject, has something substantial to say about it and who knows how to say it. In my opinion, your new critic meets none of these tests. Instead, he has favored us with sour little spitballs of wordy, superficial and un-informed rhetoric.

One example: he proposes to improve television by breaking up the networks and redistributing the franchises to "municipalities, colleges, local newspapers and ad hoc associations." Well, if Mr. Goodman knew his subject, he

would know that, except for municipalities, those are the very groups owning the television stations now—including some of the worst of them.

Does Mr. Goodman believe that, without networks, we could expect to see honest examinations of the civil rights story on stations controlled by Southern municipalities, which is to say Southern local politicians? Would local newspapers originate for television the variety of editorial opinion they now refuse to print in their pages? Could a college afford to lose \$100,000 making a classic film on Van Gogh? Could some local entity as vague as an "ad hoc association" lose \$2,000,000 covering the conventions and elections? Would the CBS documentary on the Boston bookie joint have been financed and supported by the Boston City Council?

All of these things are done by the networks now and done often. These local entities Mr. Goodman urges on us simply would not and could not do any of them. So, to put it more coherently than he has been able to, he suggests that the way to improve television as a national communications device is to destroy it.

If *The New Republic* feels it needs a television critic, surely it can do better than that. *David Brinkley*

Chevy Chase, Maryland

Church-Related Schools

Sirs:

Your arguments (March 2) for aid to church schools seem awfully remote and unrealistic in this corner of East Harlem, where the population is part Italian, with their church school, and part Negro and Puerto Rican, with their "public" school. In this situation the church school is divisive. In breaking up young friendships and in reinforcing a structure of superstition and hate being lovingly passed on from parents to children, the church school is working harm which no amount of "philosophically based" teaching will overcome. In some polite upper class non-racial utopia your concern for quality in all education would be convincing; in this fringe of the Powell territory our educational problems are more primitive and pressing.

Richard Rosenthal
New York, New York

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